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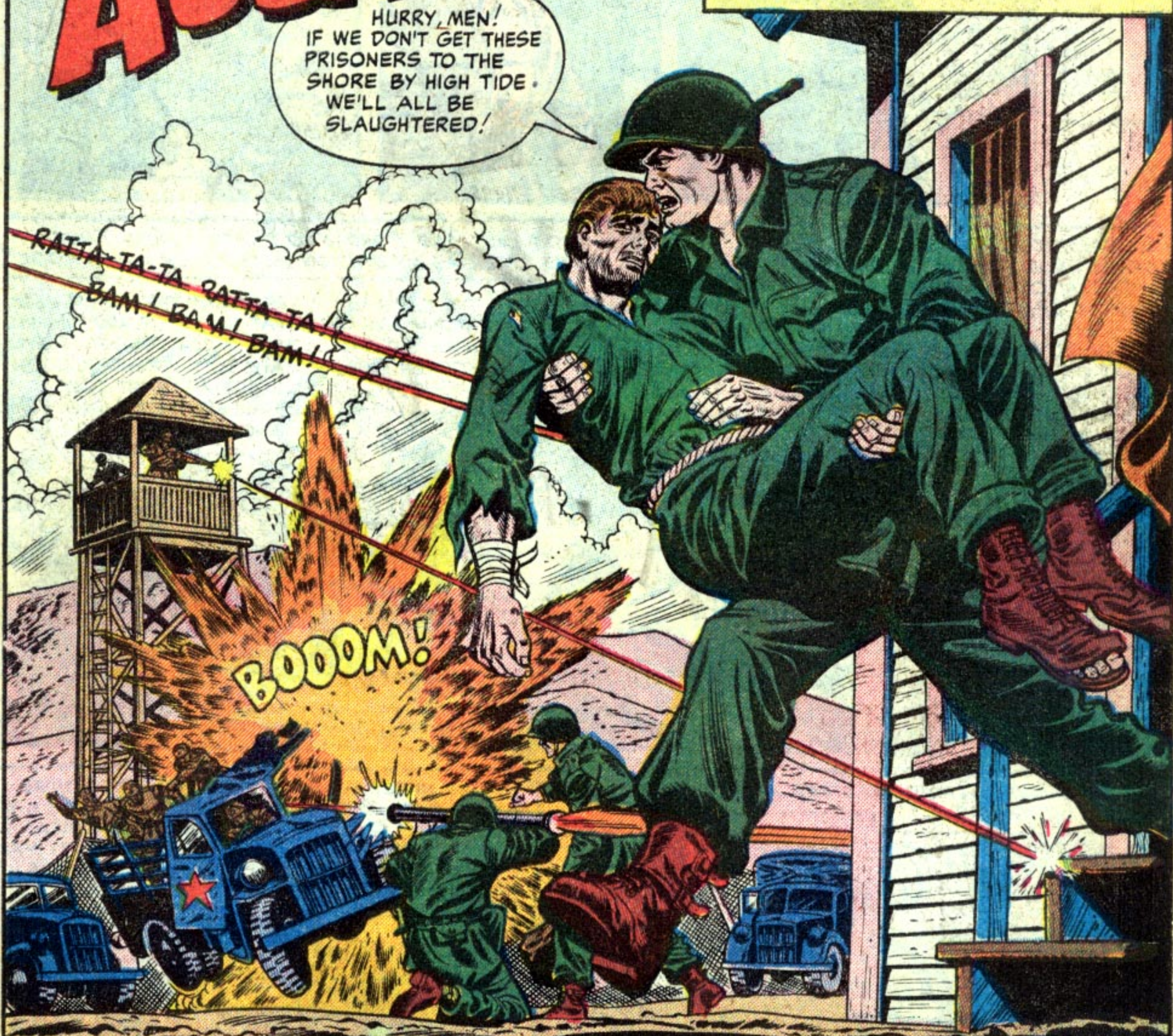
NIRESK INDUSTRIES, INC.

4757 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

VENGEANCE ASSAULT

THE UNTOLD
ACCOUNT OF THE
MISSING PW'S!

HURRY, MEN!
IF WE DON'T GET THESE
PRISONERS TO THE
SHORE BY HIGH TIDE.
WE'LL ALL BE
SLAUGHTERED!



HERE IS THE STORY BEHIND THE HEADLINES!

COLONEL CURTIS AND HIS MEN DROPPED FROM OUT OF THE SKY TO SPELL DOOM TO THE RED CHINESE! FOR THE WAR WAS SUPPOSED TO BE OVER... YET 97 OF THEIR BUDDIES REMAINED BEHIND THE BARBED WIRE OF AN ENEMY PRISON CAMP! BUT EVEN IF THEY SUCCEEDED IN FREEING THEIR FRIENDS COULD THEY GET TO THE LONE U.S. DESTROYER IN TIME?

YANKS IN BATTLE

COLONEL ANTHONY CURTIS AND SERGEANT ERIC MASTERS STAND GRIMLY BY AS THE LAST BATCH OF AMERICAN P.O.W.S FILTER THROUGH THE EXCHANGE TENTS AT PANMUNJOM!



THAT DOES IT, SIR... AND NOT A JOE FROM OUR OUTFIT AMONG THEM! IT DOESN'T FIGURE!

I KNOW, SERGEANT! IT APPEARS THE REDS DON'T INTEND TO RELEASE THOSE 97 MEN THEY TOOK PRISONERS FROM US BACK IN '51! BUT THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT!



W-WHERE ARE YOU GOING, COLONEL?

TO HAVE A TALK WITH GENERAL ANDERSON! I'M GOING TO GET OUR MEN BACK...ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!



WE REALIZE THE COMMIES ARE WITHHOLDING SOME OF OUR MEN, CURTIS! BUT WE CAN'T PROVE IT! ARE YOU POSITIVE THEY CAPTURED THAT OUTFIT OF YOURS?

I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES, GENERAL! IT WAS WHEN WE WERE WITHDRAWING FROM THE CHOSEN RESERVOIR JUST AFTER THE CHINESE REDS ENTERED THE WAR!

"...THOUSANDS OF THEM CAME DOWN OUT OF THE HILLS FORCING US BACK! IT WAS THEN THAT CAPTAIN BAKER, 3RD COMPANY, MADE A BRAVE MOVE!"

THOSE GUYS ARE RIGHT ON OUR HEELS, COLONEL! THEY'LL BE CHEWING US DOWN FROM BEHIND IF WE DON'T SET UP A REAR GUARD! THE 3RD COMPANY WILL HOLD 'EM OFF!

I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, CAPTAIN! VERY WELL...SEE IF YOU CAN DELAY THEM! AND HERE...TAKE THIS LUCKY CHARM OF MINE! IT'S SEEN ME THROUGH A LOT!

KABOOM! POW! BOOM!



"That WAS THE LAST TIME I SPOKE TO CAPTAIN BAKER! BUT SEVEN HOURS LATER AS MY DIVISION MOVED OVER A HIGH RIDGE..."



WEEEEEE... BOOM! POW!

THE CAP'N IS CATCHIN' EVERYTHING BUT THE KITCHEN SINK, SIR!

YES...AND THEY CAN'T KEEP THAT HORDE OF RED CHINESE BACK MUCH LONGER! THEY'LL HAVE TO SURRENDER SOON...BUT AT LEAST THEY STALLED THEM LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET OUT!

"A FEW MINUTES LATER, MASTERS AND I WERE CHOKED WITH EMOTION AS..."



IT'S...ALL OVER FOR THEM!

THEY'RE BRAVE MEN...WE'LL NEVER FORGET THEM, SERGEANT!

I CAN UNDERSTAND YOUR FEELINGS, COLONEL! BUT WE HAVE NO PROOF THAT THEY'RE STILL ALIVE...THAT THEY SURVIVED THAT HORRIBLE DEATH MARCH!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR! THE WAY THOSE RED FIENDS OPERATE THEY MAY VERY WELL HAVE SLAUGHTERED ALL OF THEM! I'M...SORRY I TROUBLED YOU!



YANKS IN BATTLE

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AS THE DOWNCAST COLONEL WALKS THE STREETS OF SEOUL...

BAKER AND HIS MEN WIPED OUT... I-I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HM-M... WONDER WHAT ALL THE COMMOTION IS ABOUT?



哇! 哇! 哇!

WHA... WHY THAT'S MY LUCKY CHARM! THE ONE I GAVE TO BAKER BACK IN '51! HOW DID THAT FARMER GET HOLD OF IT?



SO YOU DON'T SPEAK ENGLISH! OKAY, MISTER... YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP WITH ME DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS! G-2 HAS AN INTERPRETER THERE!

NO UNDERSTAND! NO UNDERSTAND!



AT G-2 HEADQUARTERS THE TRUTH BECOMES KNOWN!

THE FARMER SAYS THE LUCKY CHARM WAS A GIFT TO HIM FOR SNEAKING FOOD TO AMERICAN PRISONERS AT A CAMP IN KANTOW PROVINCE!

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN CAPTAIN BAKER! GREAT SCOTT! THIS PROVES HE AND HIS MEN ARE STILL BEING HELD!



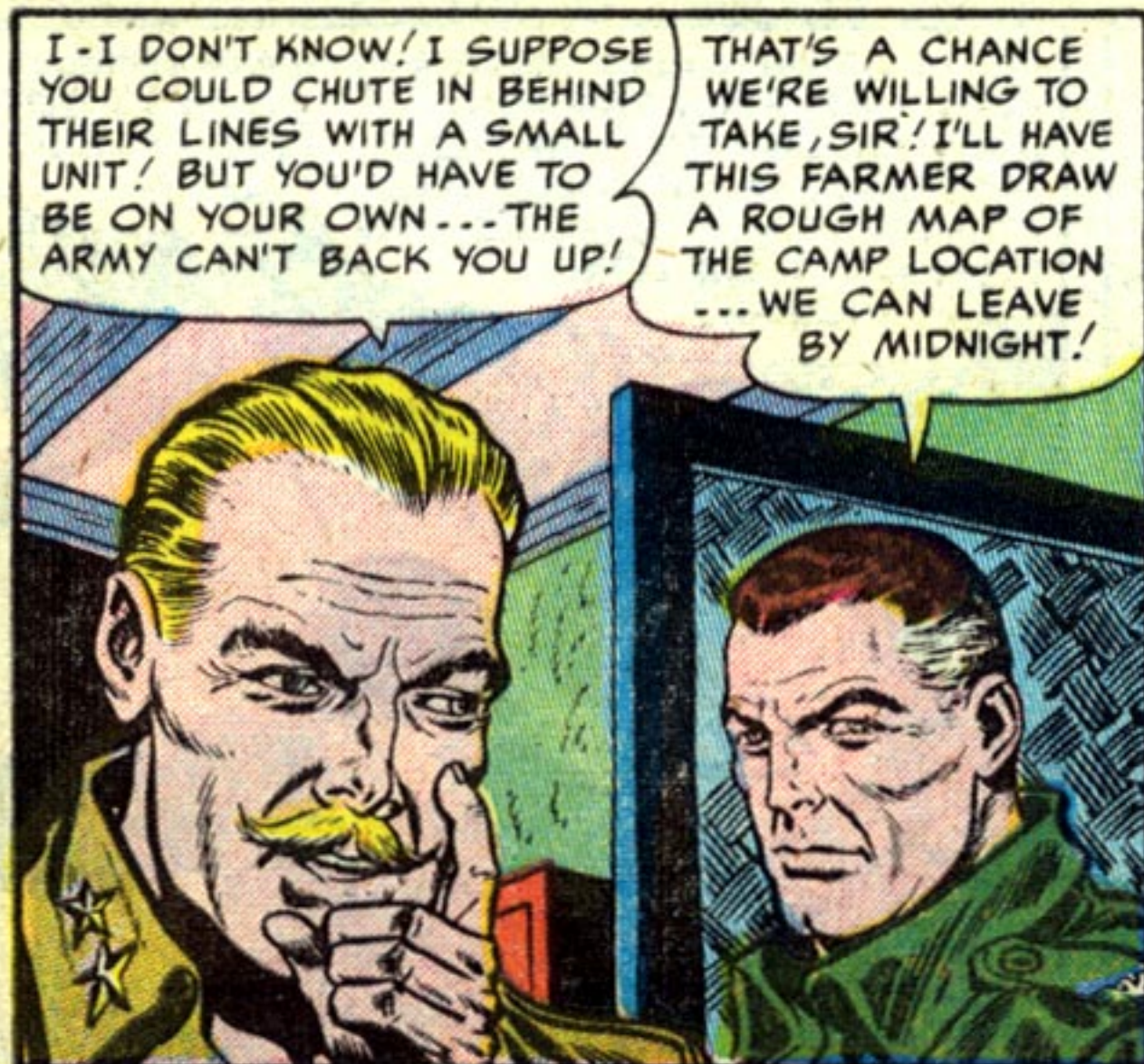
YOU'RE RIGHT, CURTIS! THIS IS A JOB FOR THE PEACE COMMISSION! THEY'LL SEE THAT THOSE MEN ARE RELEASED!

PLEASE, SIR... WAIT! THE REDS WOULD BUTCHER THOSE BOYS RATHER THAN ADMIT TO THE WORLD THEY HAD BROKEN THE ARMISTICE! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE THEM... GO AND GET 'EM!



I-I DON'T KNOW! I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CHUTE IN BEHIND THEIR LINES WITH A SMALL UNIT! BUT YOU'D HAVE TO BE ON YOUR OWN... THE ARMY CAN'T BACK YOU UP!

THAT'S A CHANCE WE'RE WILLING TO TAKE, SIR! I'LL HAVE THIS FARMER DRAW A ROUGH MAP OF THE CAMP LOCATION... WE CAN LEAVE BY MIDNIGHT!



THERE'S A PLACE CALLED KANTOW LIGHT... RIGHT OFF SHORE! ONE OF OUR DESTROYERS MIGHT JUST BE PASSING THERE ON THE EVENING OF THE TENTH...

I UNDERSTAND, SIR! THANKS!



YANKS IN BATTLE

At 0300 HOURS THE FOLLOWING MORNING, A LONE ARMY TRANSPORT PLANE WINGS ITS WAY DEEP INTO NORTH KOREA! THEN, OVER THE PROVINCE OF KANTOW...



AND AS THE SMALL FORCE OF AIRBORNE TROOPERS REGROUP ON THE GROUND...

THE P.O.W. CAMP SHOULD BE APPROXIMATELY FOUR MILES DUE EAST FROM HERE! WE'LL MOVE OUT JUST AS SOON AS THE CHUTES ARE BURIED!

RIGHT, SIR!



DANGER LURKS EVERY FOOT OF THE WAY AS THE VALIANT BAND MAKES ITS WAY THROUGH ENEMY TERRITORY!

STEADY... STEADY... DON'T MAKE A SOUND!



And DAWN BRINGS EVEN GREATER DANGERS...

ENEMY AIR RECON... TAKE COVER!

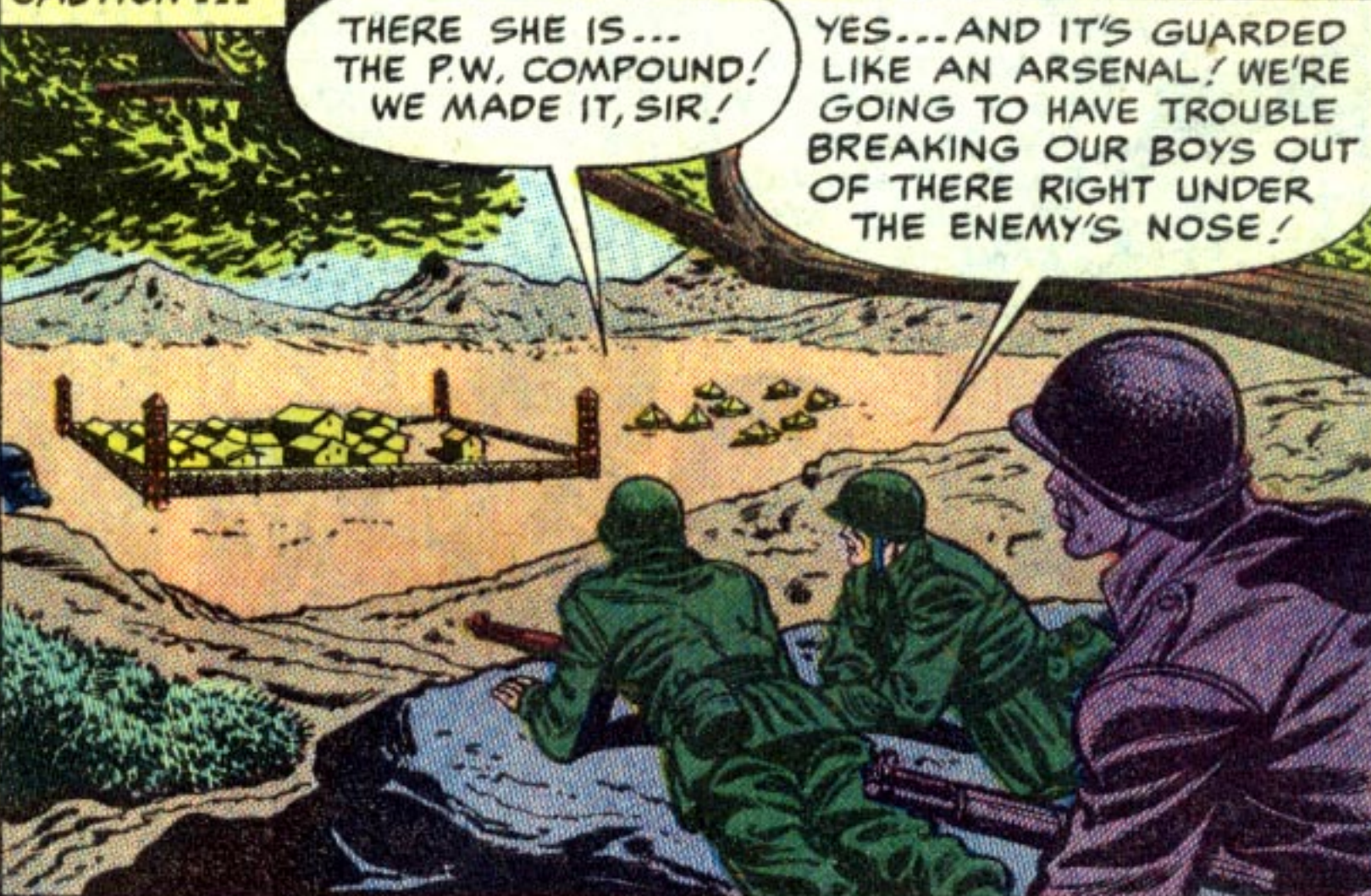
WOW! THEY SURE GOT THIS AREA PATROLLED!



BUT AT DUSK CURTIS AND HIS MEN ARE REWARDED FOR THEIR CAUTION...

THERE SHE IS... THE P.W. COMPOUND! WE MADE IT, SIR!

YES... AND IT'S GUARDED LIKE AN ARSENAL! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE BREAKING OUR BOYS OUT OF THERE RIGHT UNDER THE ENEMY'S NOSE!



COULDN'T WE JUST BUST IN THERE UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, SIR?

YOU FORGET, SERGEANT... THOSE MEN IN THERE ARE IN NO CONDITION FOR A FORCED MARCH! REMEMBER WHAT OUR OTHER PRISONERS WERE LIKE WHEN THEY WERE RELEASED... WEAK, UNDERFED!



HM-M... THAT ENEMY MOTOR POOL HAS FOUR TRUCKS... JUST ENOUGH TO CARRY OUR MEN OUT! IF WE COULD ONLY CREATE SOME CONFUSION TO DISTRACT THEM LONG ENOUGH!

GOSH, SIR... I THINK I GOT THE ANSWER! LOOK!





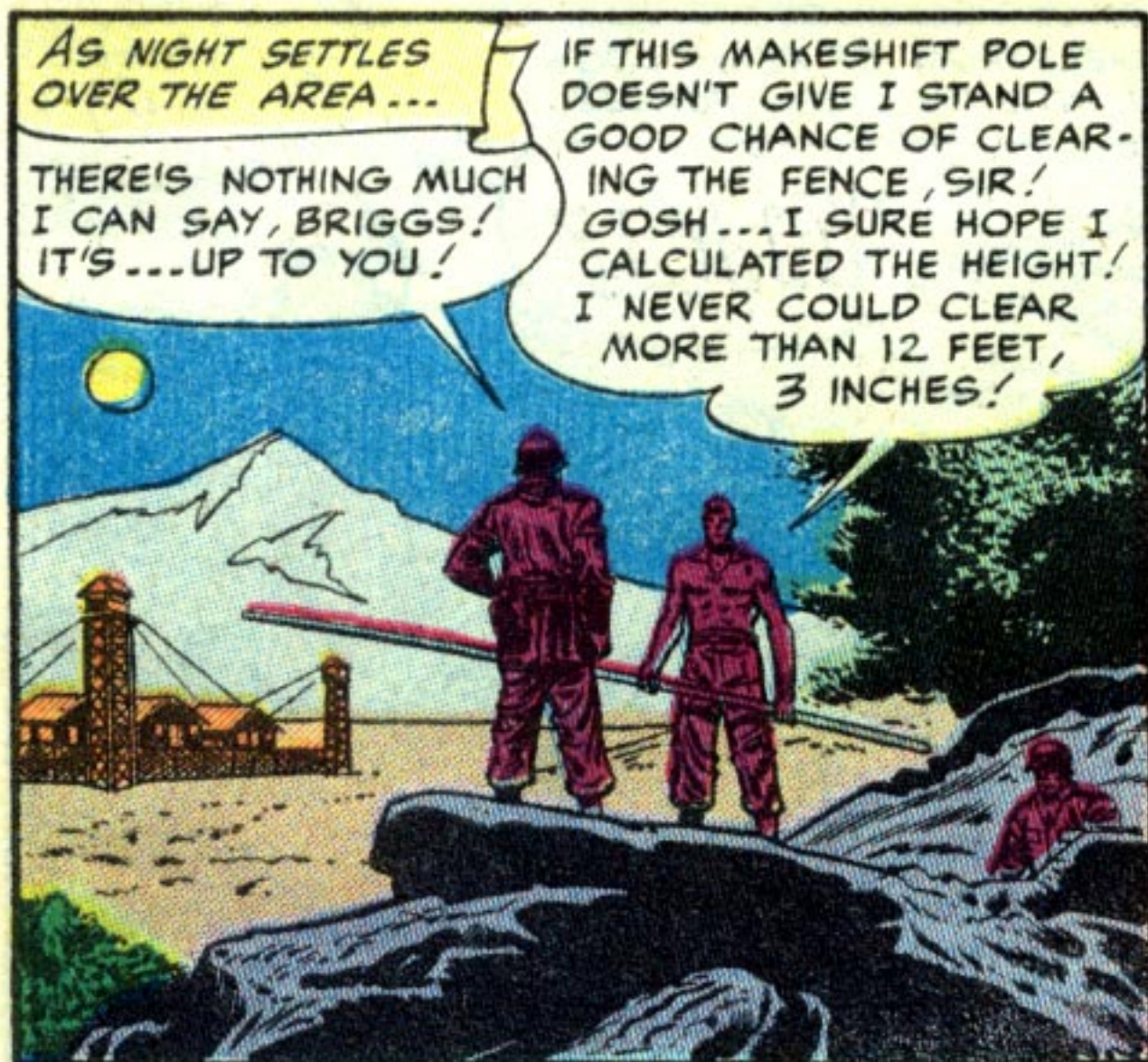
THOSE LOGS... JUST ABOVE THE ENEMY ENCAMPMENT! I GET YOUR POINT, SERGEANT! BUT WE'D HAVE TO TIP THE MEN OFF INSIDE THE CAMP!

COULD I SPEAK TO YOU, SIR?



I USED TO DO A LITTLE POLE VAULTING IN HIGH SCHOOL, COLONEL! I CALCULATE I COULD CLEAR THE HEIGHT OF THAT BARBED WIRE FENCE... WITH SOME LUCK AND A GOOD POLE!

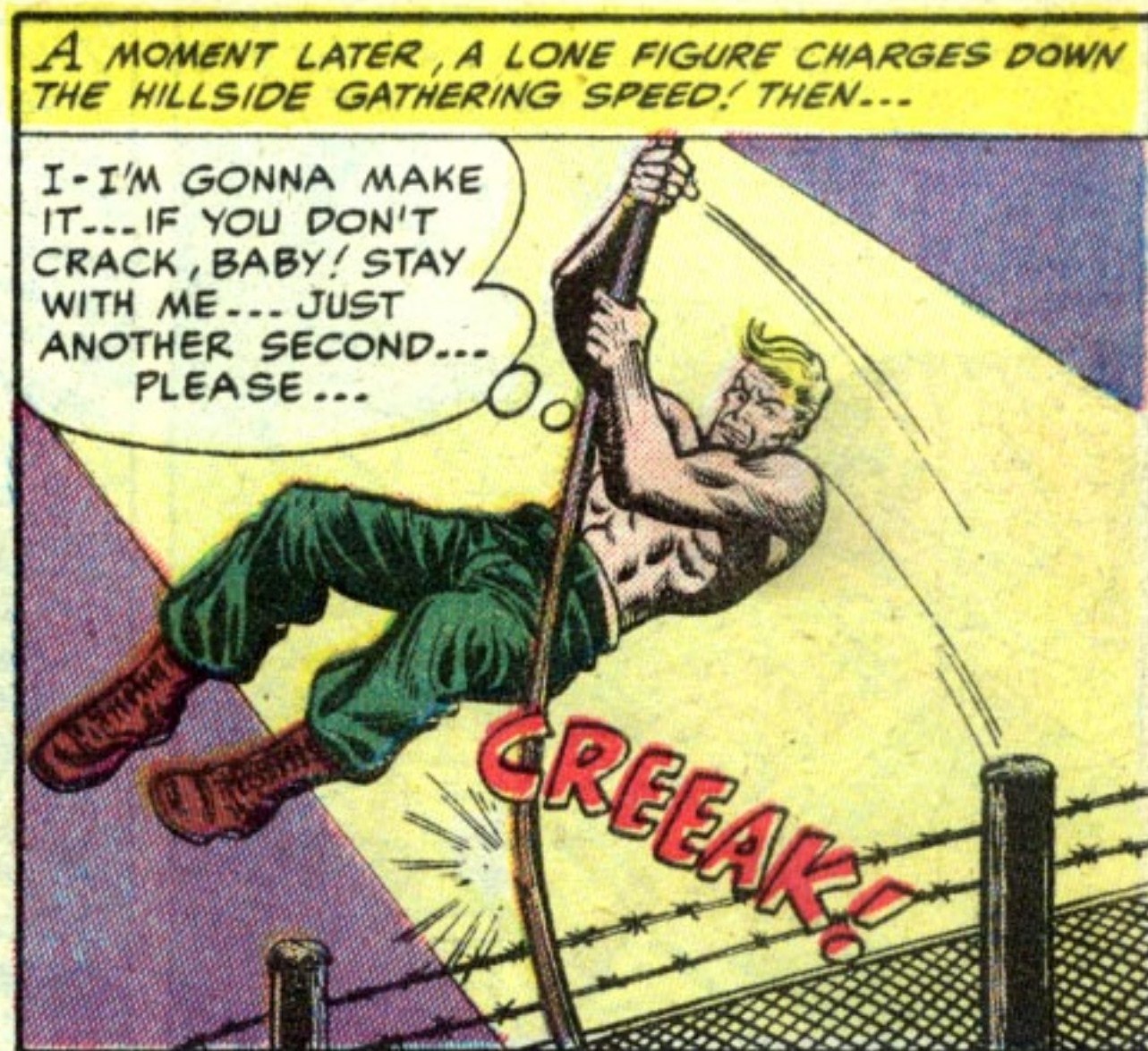
THANKS, BRIGGS! I CAN'T GUARANTEE THE LUCK... BUT WE'LL FIND YOU THAT POLE!



AS NIGHT SETTLES OVER THE AREA...

THERE'S NOTHING MUCH I CAN SAY, BRIGGS! IT'S...UP TO YOU!

IF THIS MAKESHIFT POLE DOESN'T GIVE I STAND A GOOD CHANCE OF CLEARING THE FENCE, SIR! GOSH... I SURE HOPE I CALCULATED THE HEIGHT! I NEVER COULD CLEAR MORE THAN 12 FEET, 3 INCHES!



A MOMENT LATER, A LONE FIGURE CHARGES DOWN THE HILLSIDE GATHERING SPEED! THEN...

I-I'M GONNA MAKE IT...IF YOU DON'T CRACK, BABY! STAY WITH ME... JUST ANOTHER SECOND... PLEASE...

CREEAK!



CRACK!

果! 果!

M-MADE IT...



WHW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW TO LOCATE THESE JOES AND TIP 'EM OFF TO THE COLONEL'S PLAN!



WITHIN THE P.W. CAMP THAT EVENING ALL APPEARS QUIET! BUT IN REALITY...

IT'S A LONG SHOT, BRIGGS! BUT IT MIGHT WORK...

GOSH, IT'S GOT TO, CAPTAIN BAKER! THE COLONEL SAID HE'D START AT 0600 SHARP! HE WANTS EVERYONE TO BE READY FOR THE BREAK!

NEXT MORNING, SERGEANT MASTERS WIGGLES HIS BODY TOWARD THE RED LOG PILE AT EXACTLY ONE MINUTE TO SIX...

STEADY DOES IT, SERGEANT! STEADY...

LOOKS LIKE HE'S GONNA MAKE IT, SIR!



Then...

O-ONE DOWN... ONE TO GO!



HE'S MADE IT! HIT THAT MOTOR POOL! EVERY SECOND COUNTS!



ABRUPTLY, THE GRENADES BURST! THE HUGE LOGS ARE BLASTED UPWARD BY THE EXPLOSION AND...

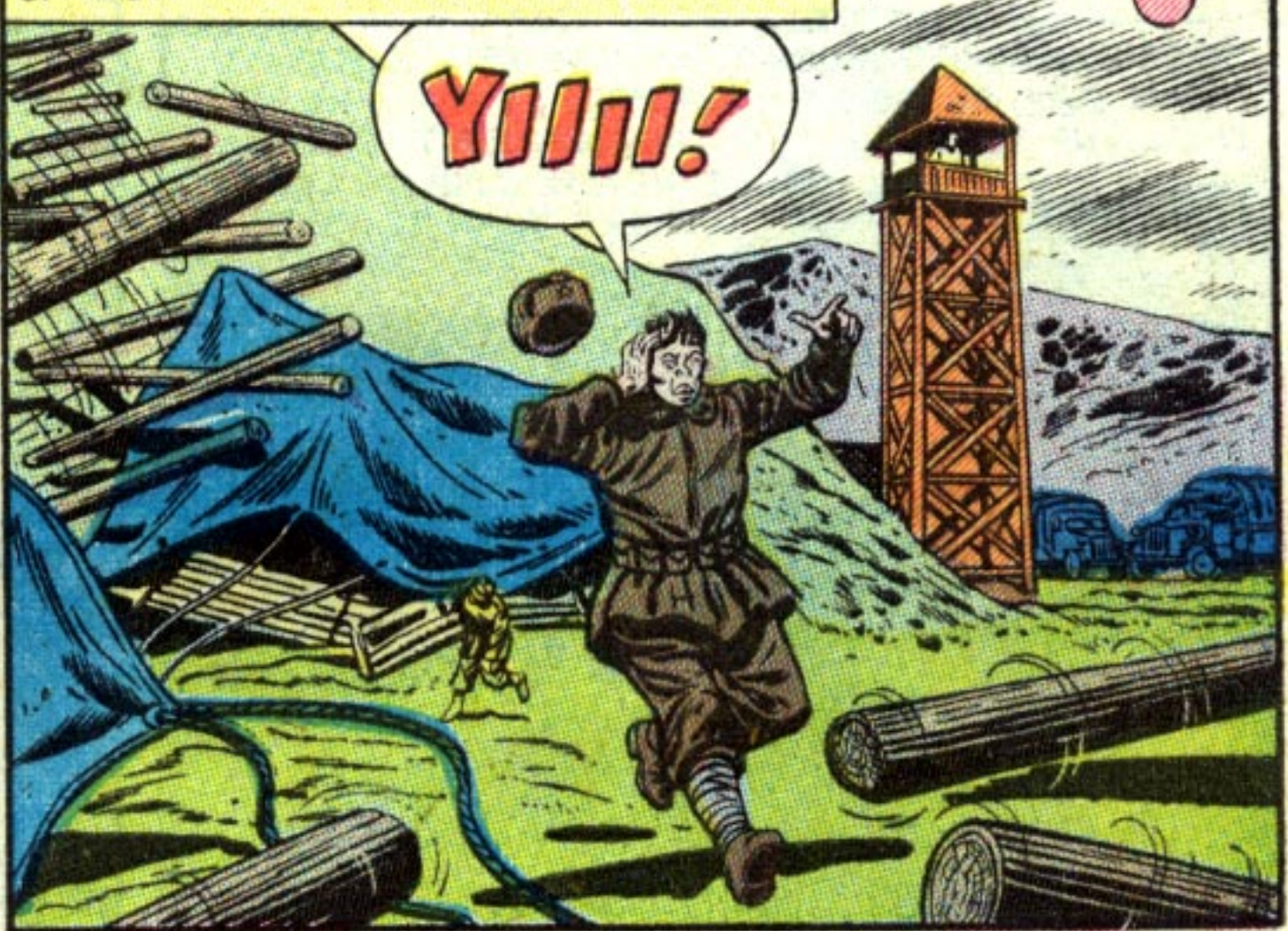
BATTER DOWN THAT GATE! COVER THOSE DRIVERS, MEN!

噢！



THE MAELSTROM OF HEAVY LOGS CAREEN INTO THE ENEMY FORCES...

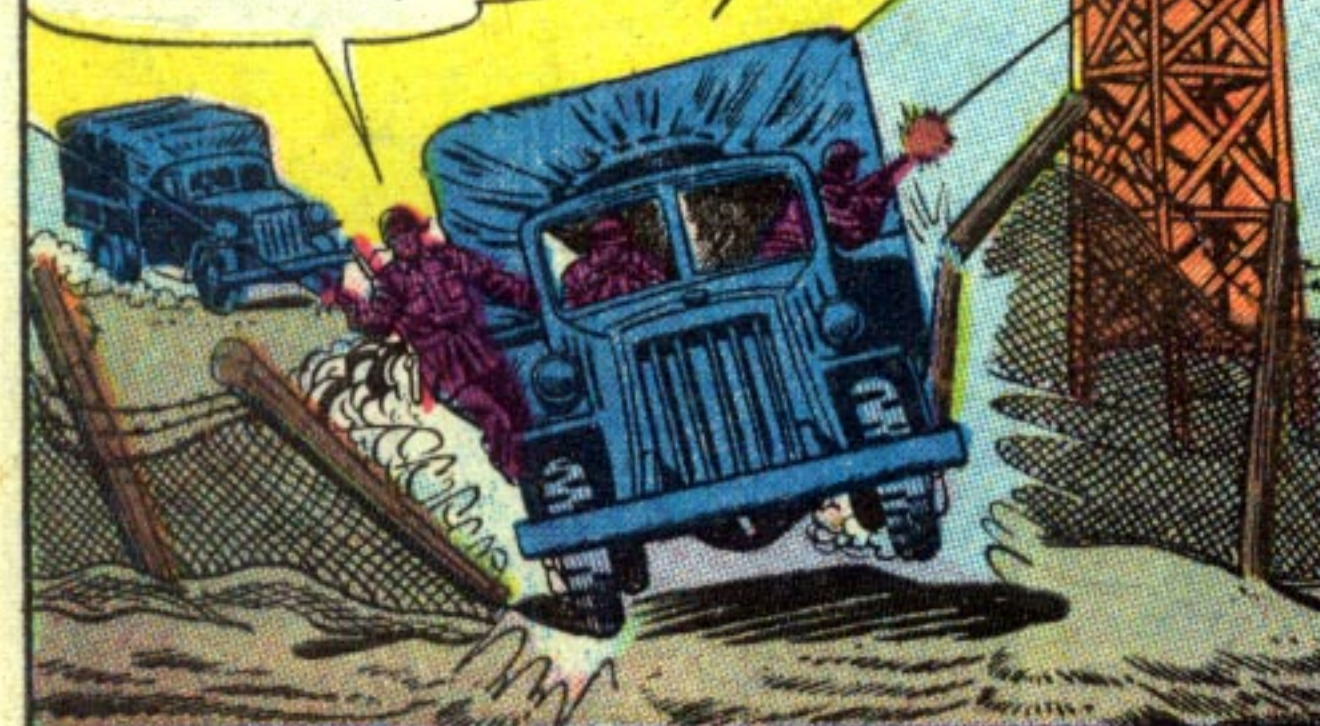
YIIII!



AND A SPLIT SECOND LATER G.I.'S SLAM THE RED TRUCKS INTO THE PRISON CAMP GATEWAY...

DRIVE RIGHT UP TO THE BARRACKS DOOR! THOSE POOR DEVILS WILL PROBABLY BE HALF STARVED... TOO WEAK TO WALK FAR!

RIGHT, COLONEL!



SOME OF THEM ARE IN BAD SHAPE, SIR!

WE'VE GOT TO HURRY, BRIGGS! GOT TO PUT PLENTY OF DISTANCE BETWEEN US AND THOSE RED TROOPS BEFORE THEY REORGANIZE AND START SNAPPING AT OUR HEELS!



YANKS IN BATTLE

THE SMASHED RED TROOPS CAN OFFER ONLY TOKEN RESISTANCE AS THE RESCUE CONVOY HEADS WEST FOR THE VITAL RENDEZVOUS!



WESTWARD ALONG THE BUMPY ROAD THE SMALL CONVOY OF MERCY ROARS!

NO SIGN OF THEM YET! THE MINUTE THEY CAN GET THEIR WITS TOGETHER THEY'LL MOST LIKELY START ARMORED CARS AFTER US! THAT IS, IF THEY HAVE THEM IN THE DISTRICT!

I'M AFRAID THEY HAVE, COLONEL!



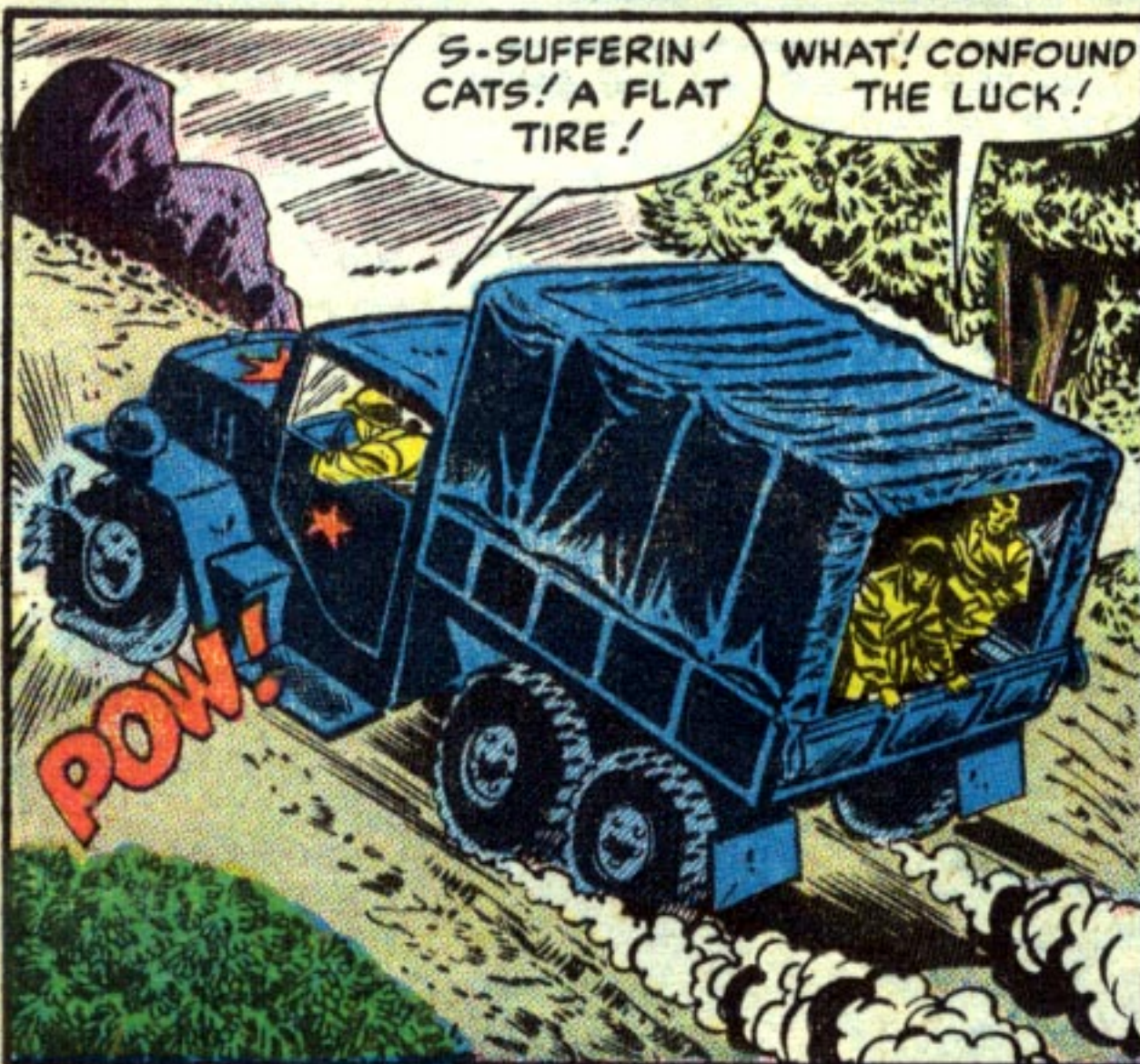
C-CAPTAIN BAKER! GREAT SCOTT! I-I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU UNTIL I HEARD YOUR VOICE!

I...GUESS I'VE SURE CHANGED A LOT, SIR! NICE SHOW YOU'RE PUTTING ON FOR US! IT'S A REAL MIRACLE!



S-SUFFERIN' CATS! A FLAT TIRE!

WHAT! CONFOUND THE LUCK!



WHAT'S HAPPENED? SHALL WE WAIT FOR YOU?

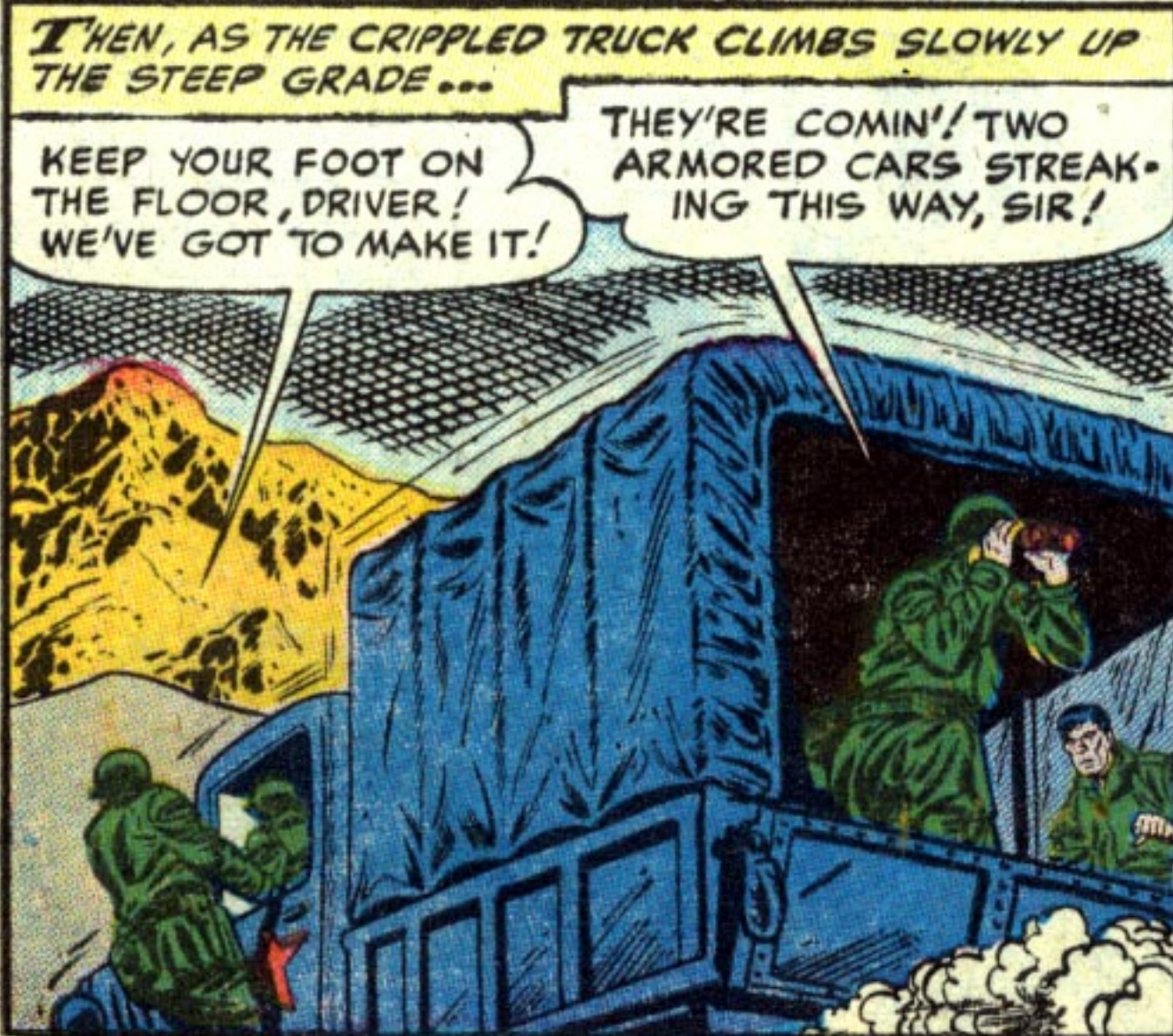
WE'VE GOT A FLAT! THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO HELP...YOU HAVE A FULL LOAD! KEEP GOING! WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT AS BEST WE CAN WITH THE FLAT TIRE!



THEN, AS THE CRIPPLED TRUCK CLIMBS SLOWLY UP THE STEEP GRADE...

KEEP YOUR FOOT ON THE FLOOR, DRIVER! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!

THEY'RE COMIN'! TWO ARMORED CARS STREAKING THIS WAY, SIR!



IT'S...NO USE, SIR! THE LOAD AND FLAT TIRE ARE JUST TOO MUCH FOR THIS JALOPY!

ARMORED CARS CLOSIN' IN!

WE'RE SUNK IF WE DON'T ABANDON THIS TRUCK! EVERY-ONE OUT!





SCRAMBLE DOWN THAT BANK OUT OF SIGHT! SERGEANT! GIVE ME YOUR BAYONET!

H-HUH? BUT SIR, THOSE ARMORED TRUCKS WILL BE BEARING DOWN ON US IN A FEW MINUTES! WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT ON FOOT!



WE HAVE NO ALTERNATIVE, SERGEANT! THEY'D OVERTAKE US IN NO TIME IN THIS TRUCK... BUT IT STILL MIGHT SERVE US FOR AN ESCAPE!

I-I DON'T GET IT! WHY ARE YOU SPIKING THAT GAS TANK, SIR?



NO TIME TO EXPLAIN... BUT WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THE REDS AN OLD FASHIONED HOT FOOT! LET'S DUCK BEHIND THE BANK... ON THE DOUBLE!

S-SURE...?



MINUTES LATER, AS THE ENEMY ARMORED CARS ROAR UP THE HILL...

THE ENEMY IS VERY FOND OF AMERICAN CIGARETTES! WE'RE GOING TO GIVE THEM ONE ON THE HOUSE, SERGEANT!

NOW I GET IT! YOU'RE A GENIUS, SIR!



THE SMOKING CIGARETTE FLOATS LAZILY THROUGH THE AIR! THEN, AS IT FALLS UPON THE STREAM OF GAS IN THE CENTER OF THE ROAD...



BARROOM!

SWISH!



IT WORKED, SIR! WE KNOCKED 'EM BOTH OUT!

LET'S JOIN THE MEN AND MOVE OUT, SERGEANT! EVERY MINUTE LOST NOW IS A DAGGER AT OUR THROATS!

BOOOM!

YANKS IN BATTLE

SHORTLY...

HOW FAR, SIR? THESE WEAKENED MEN CAN'T STAND TOO MUCH OF THIS!

ABOUT SIX MILES, SERGEANT! THE OTHER TRUCKS ARE AT THE RENDEZVOUS POINT NOW! YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE THEM MOVE FAST! THE TIME IT WILL TAKE US BY FOOT WILL GIVE THE ENEMY TIME TO SEND NEW TROOPS TO CATCH US!



FOR TWO HOURS THE DESPERATE MEN PLOD TOWARD THE SEA! FINALLY...

YAHOO! THEY MADE IT!

SET UP DEFENSE POSITIONS! WE'VE GOT 'EM HOT ON OUR HEELS!



THE MINUTES TICK BY OMINOUSLY! ANXIOUS EYES SCAN THE SEA! SUDDENLY...

STILL NO REDS, COLONEL!

JUST MINUTES TO GO...IF NOTHING'S GONE WRONG!

HERE THEY COME!



RED LEAD CUTS THE AIR AS THE BATTLE WEARY G.I.'S CLING TO THE SHORE LINE FOR SHELTER...

I BETTER GIVE THIS TO YOU AGAIN! SURE LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL NEED A BIT OF LUCK... LIKE WE'LL ALL NEED SOME LUCK, BILL!

THANKS...THANKS A LOT, ANTHONY! HOPE IT WORKS!



Then...

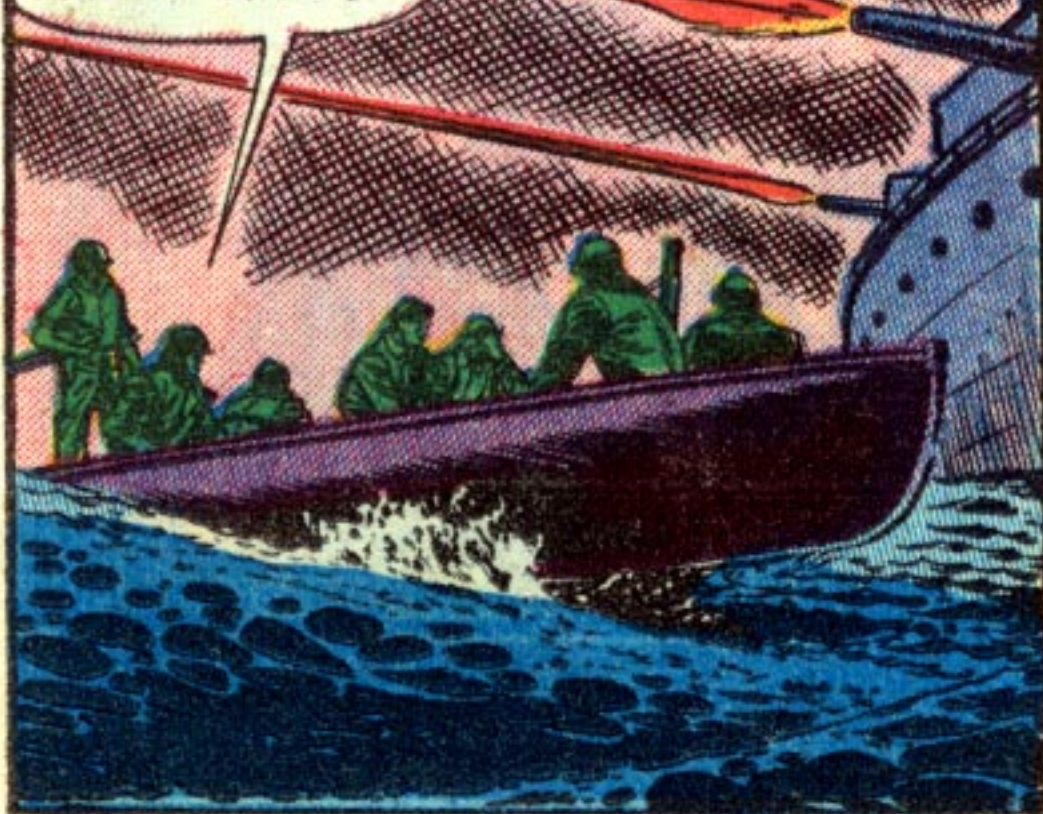
COLONEL! LOOK! SHE'S COMING! THE OLD TIN CAN IS HERE TO TAKE US HOME! YIPPY!

WE DID IT, SERGEANT! COME ON, YOU BEAUTIFUL IRON MONSTER! OPEN UP WITH THOSE BIG GUNS!



UNDER A CURTAIN OF DESTROYER FIRE THE G.I.'S MAKE THEIR WAY ABOARD...

HA, HA! THOSE BOYS WILL BE BLOWN BACK INTO THEIR OWN PRISON CAMP!



AND AFTERWARD...

YOU AND YOUR MEN HAVE PERFORMED A REMARKABLE FEAT, COLONEL! THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW OF IT TOMORROW!

THE WORLD WILL NEVER HEAR OF IT...NEITHER FROM THE REDS, FOR THAT WILL SHOW THAT THEY HOLD BACK PRISONERS, NOR FROM US, SINCE THIS FEAT WAS AN UNAUTHORIZED RAID!



ZEROED IN!

SARGE! WHAT'RE THE REDS SAYIN'? YOU SAVVY RUSSIAN!

YEAH, KNUDSEN! *ENOUGH* TO KNOW THAT THE REDS PRETENDED TO BE *US* AND RADIOED OUR BASE TO SEND COMPANY D HERE, ACCORDING TO ORIGINAL PLAN! BUT COMPANY D DOESN'T KNOW THE *REDS*'VE OCCUPIED THALHEIM! THEY'LL WALK SMACK INTO AN AMBUSH!

KNUDSEN WAS THE MOST DISLIKED MAN IN COMPANY D! PEGGED AS A GUY WHO THOUGHT ONLY OF HIS *OWN* SKIN AND HIS *OWN* NEEDS, KNUDSEN'S REPUTATION WAS LOWER THAN A COMMIE'S CONSCIENCE! BUT *FATE* TOOK AN IRONIC TURN ONE NIGHT ON THE WEST GERMAN BORDER! A TURN THAT CAUGHT KNUDSEN IN A WHIRL OF DESPERATE ALTERNATIVES! ON KNUDSEN'S FEVERISH DECISION WOULD DEPEND THE LIVES OF TWO HUNDRED MEN... AND HIS *OWN*!



ONE AFTERNOON, AT A U.S. ARMY BASE IN WESTERN GERMANY----

HEY, SARGE! I'M NEW HERE! PLEASE HELP ME OUT! WHO'S THAT GUY WHO'S ALWAYS BY HIMSELF? NOBODY EVER TALKS TO HIM!

THAT'S KNUDSEN! ELMER KNUDSEN! THE GUYS DON'T LIKE HIM BECAUSE KNUDSEN ISN'T A TEAM MAN!



WHAT DID KNUDSEN DO THAT WAS SO WRONG?

ENOUGH TO MAKE THE GUYS GIVE HIM A WIDE BERTH! WAIT A FEW DAYS! YOU'LL SEE FOR YOURSELF!



THE FOLLOWING DAY... IN THE BARRACKS...

THAT'S RIGHT, KID! ELMER KNUDSEN AIN'T *NOBODY'S* FRIEND! HE WOULDN'T LIFT A PINKY TO HELP ANYBODY, INCLUDIN' HIS OWN MOTHER!IF YOU EVER NEED ANYTHIN', KNUDSEN'S THE *LAST* GUY TO GO TO!

AS DAYS PASSED...



THAT EVENING, IN THE BARRACKS...

GO AHEAD! INSULT ME! WHO CARES *WHAT* YOU THINK? YOU DON'T MEAN ANYTHIN' TO ME! I'M OUT FOR ME... AN' I DON'T CARE WHO KNOWS IT! IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, GO JOIN ANOTHER ARMY!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, ON MANEUVERS!

IT'S NOT OKAY! YOU CAN'T LIVE IN A WORLD BY *YOURSELF*, KNUDSEN! NOT IN THE *ARMY*! THIS ARMY RUNS ON *TEAM-PLAY*! UNLESS YOU CHANGE YOUR ATTITUDE I'LL TAKE DRASTIC ACTION!

LIKE REQUESTING YOUR TRANSFER OUT OF THIS COMPANY! YOU UNDERMINE MORALE! YOU CREATE TENSION AND QUARRELS! DON'T SAY YOU WEREN'T WARNED, KNUDSEN!

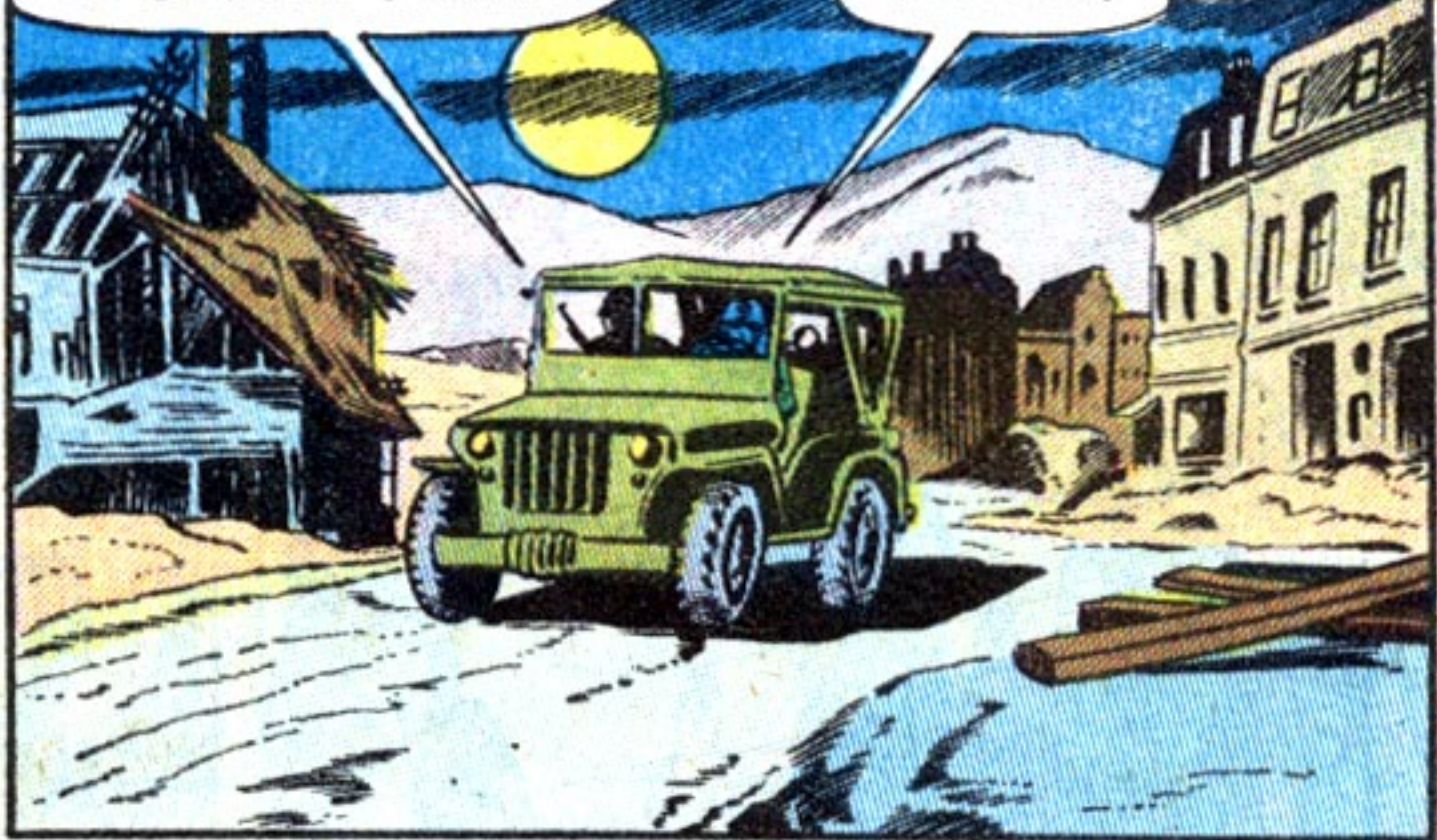
SO I'M WARNED! SO WHAT? YOU THINK I CARE WHERE YOU SEND ME?



A WEEK LATER, AS SERGEANT DAVIS TOOK KNUDSEN ON A ROUTINE INSPECTION TRIP...

OKAY, SARGE! BREAK IT TO ME! YOU DIDN'T ASK ME ALONG BECAUSE YOU COULDN'T FIND **BETTER** COMPANY!

KNUDSEN, I'LL LEVEL WITH YOU! I'M SENDING IN A TRANSFER REQUEST TOMORROW! I WANT YOU OUT OF THE COMPANY!



YOU PICKED A FIGHT EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK WITH THE MEN! YOU EVEN QUARRELED WITH THAT NEW GREEN KID! YOU'RE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!

SO OUT YOU GO! TAKE YOUR SELFISH AND UGLY NATURE ELSEWHERE!

HMMM...YOU PICKED A NICE, DESERTED PLACE TO TELL ME OFF, SARGE! AIN'T **NOBODY** HERE CAN HEAR YOU!

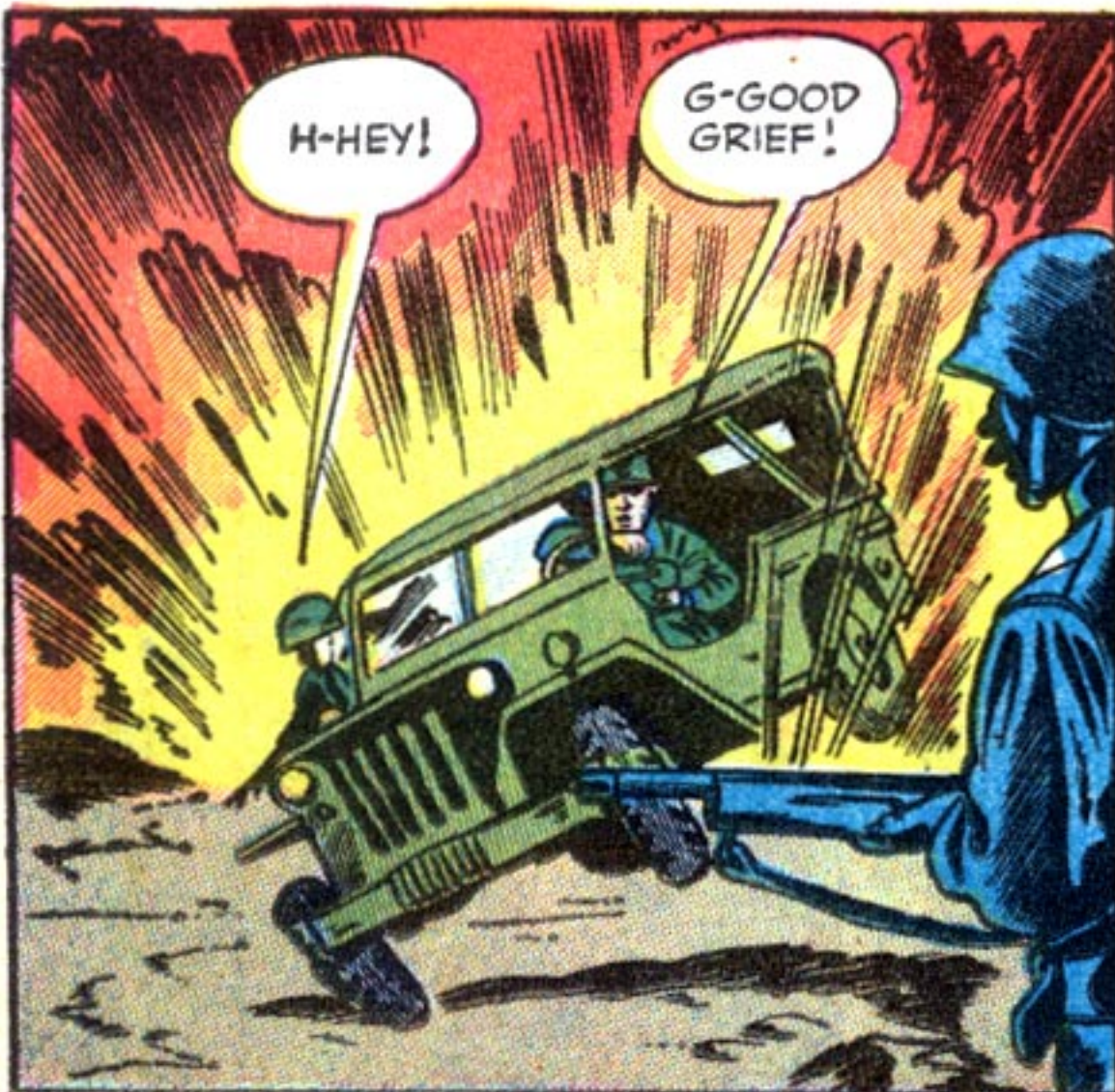
RIGHT! THALHEIM IS A GHOST TOWN! IT WAS EVACUATED WEEKS AGO FOR STRATEGIC PURPOSES! TOO BAD YOU CAN'T LIVE HERE, KNUDSEN! YOU'D GET ALONG FINE WITH YOURSELF!

AMEPIKAH CO'IEPC!



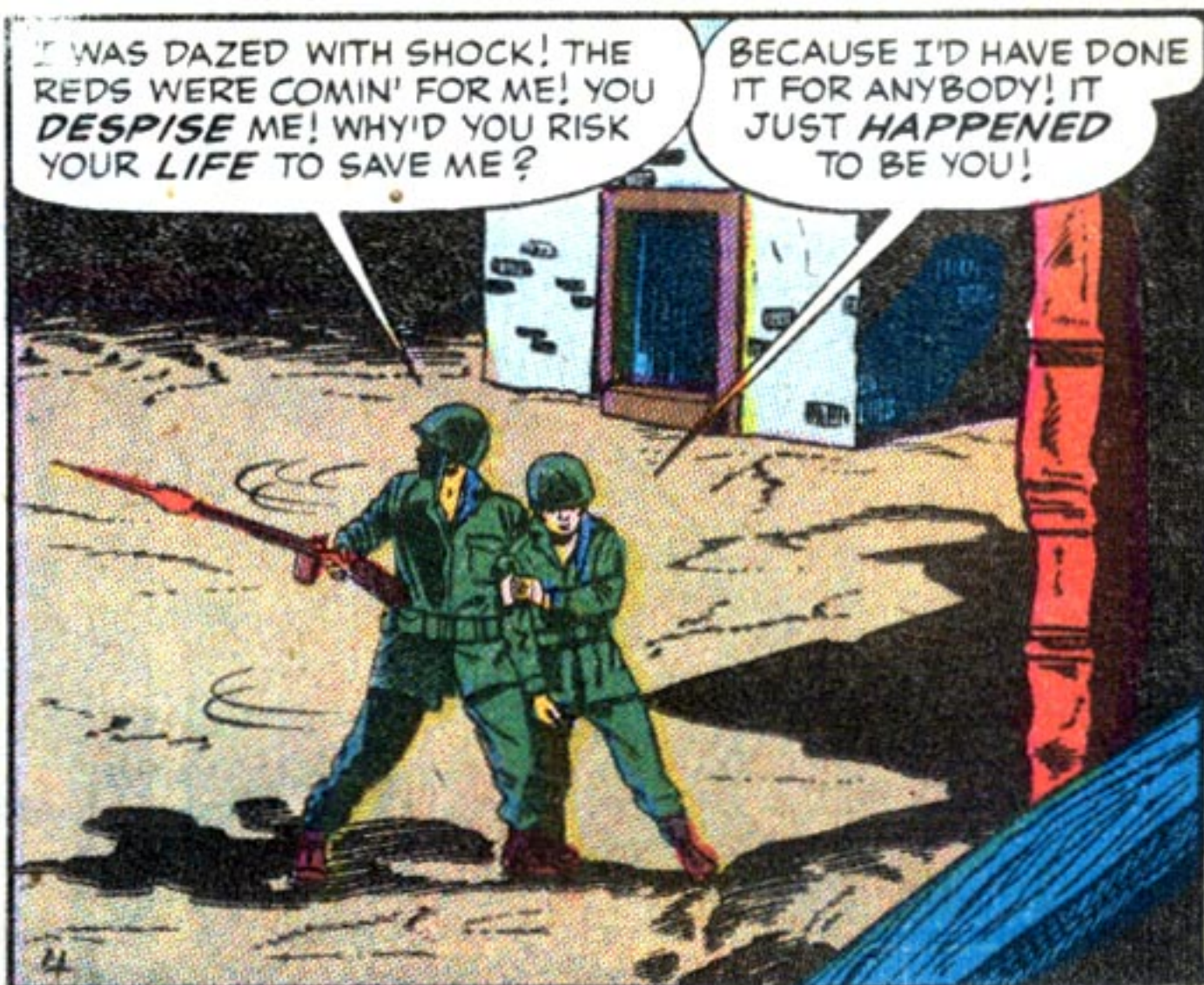
H-HEY!

G-GOOD GRIEF!



MIGOSH! I-IT'S THE REDS! THEY'VE **RAIDED** THALHEIM! TAKE COVER, KNUDSEN! QUICK!





YANKS IN BATTLE

MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE A DESERTED HOUSE...

GET ONE THING STRAIGHT, KNUDSEN! MY OPINION OF YOU HASN'T CHANGED! MY TRANSFER REQUEST IS STILL GOING THROUGH!

I'M NOT TALKIN' ABOUT THAT, SARGE! I'M TALKIN' ABOUT YOUR SAVIN' ME! THAT'S HOW YOU CAUGHT THOSE BULLETS! SAVIN' ME!

FORGET IT! THERE ARE REDS POURIN' INTO TOWN! LOOK AT 'EM! ARMORED CARS, TANKS, INFANTRY! THEY'RE OCCUPYING THALHEIM! WE'D BETTER HIDE UPSTAIRS!

IT DOESN'T FIGURE! IT JUST DOESN'T!

YOU **STILL** TALKING ABOUT MY SAVING YOU? CAN IT! IT'S WHAT ANY SOLDIER WOULD'VE DONE! EXCEPT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND MILITARY TEAM-WORK OR SELF-SACRIFICE!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SARGE! I SEE IT NOW!

A HALF HOUR LATER, AS THE REDS OCCUPIED THE TOWN... INCLUDING THE **VERY** HOUSE DAVIS AND KNUDSEN HAD ENTERED...

YOU KNOW SOMETHIN', SARGE? I'VE BEEN A LONER ALL MY LIFE! YOU KNOW **WHY**? I'VE ALWAYS HAD TO SHIFT FOR MYSELF! NOBODY EVER GAVE ME A BREAK! NOBODY EVER CARED TWO PINS FOR ME!

PIPE DOWN! I'M TRYING TO HEAR WHAT THEY ARE SAYING DOWNSTAIRS! I CAN SAVVY SOME OF THEIR LANGUAGE!

G-GREAT GUNS! THE REDS PRETENDED TO BE **US**! THEY RADIOED THE BASE TO SEND COMPANY D AHEAD INTO THALHEIM, ACCORDING TO PLAN! THE BASE THINKS EVERYTHING IS ALL CLEAR! THEY'LL WALK INTO AN **AMBUSH**!

BUT IF THE REDS KNEW OUR PLANS, THEY MUST HAVE A SPY AT THE BASE!

THE REDS HAVE SPIES ALL OVER WEST GERMANY! **THAT** DOESN'T MATTER! WHAT MATTERS IS THAT COMPANY D WILL BE CUT TO RIBBONS AND I'M **HELPLESS** TO STOP IT! **KNUDSEN**, WHERE'RE YOU GOING?

I'M GOIN' TO FIND A RED RADIO TO ALERT THE COMPANY!

OKAY, COMMIES! YOU **LIKE** AMBUSHES! ENJOY ONE AT YOUR EXPENSE!

THE NEXT TEN MINUTES WERE A NIGHTMARE AS KNUDSEN RAN INTO RED PATROL AFTER PATROL, BATTLING LIKE A DEMON...

T-THE COMPANY MUST BE CLOSE TO TOWN! I'VE GOT TO FIND A RADIO! THERE MUST BE A RADIO SOMEWHERE!



KNUDSEN FOUGHT LIKE A MAN POSSESSED... A MAN WITH ONLY ONE THING IN HIS MIND! HIS DESPERATE DESIRE TO SAVE HIS BUDDIES!

YOU CAN'T STOP ME! NOBODY CAN!



I'M GONNA FIND THAT RADIO!



THAT RADIO!



THAT RADIO!



FINALLY, ON A SIDE STREET...

T-THAT RED JEEP! IT'S GOT A RADIO!

БГАЗ
ИФ4Б



KNUDSEN GOT HIS RADIO! BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! COMPANY D WAS NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THALHEIM! KNUDSEN MADE A DESPERATE DECISION!

YOU WANT US TO SHELL THE TOWN? YOU'RE CRAZY, MAN! THESE BIG GUNS AT THE BASE WILL BLOW YOU TO BITS!

LET 'EM! IT'S NOT ONLY MY LIFE THAT'S AT STAKE! OPEN FIRE! NOW, YOU HEAR? NOW! NOW!



MINUTES LATER, AS KNUDSEN REACHED DAVIS...

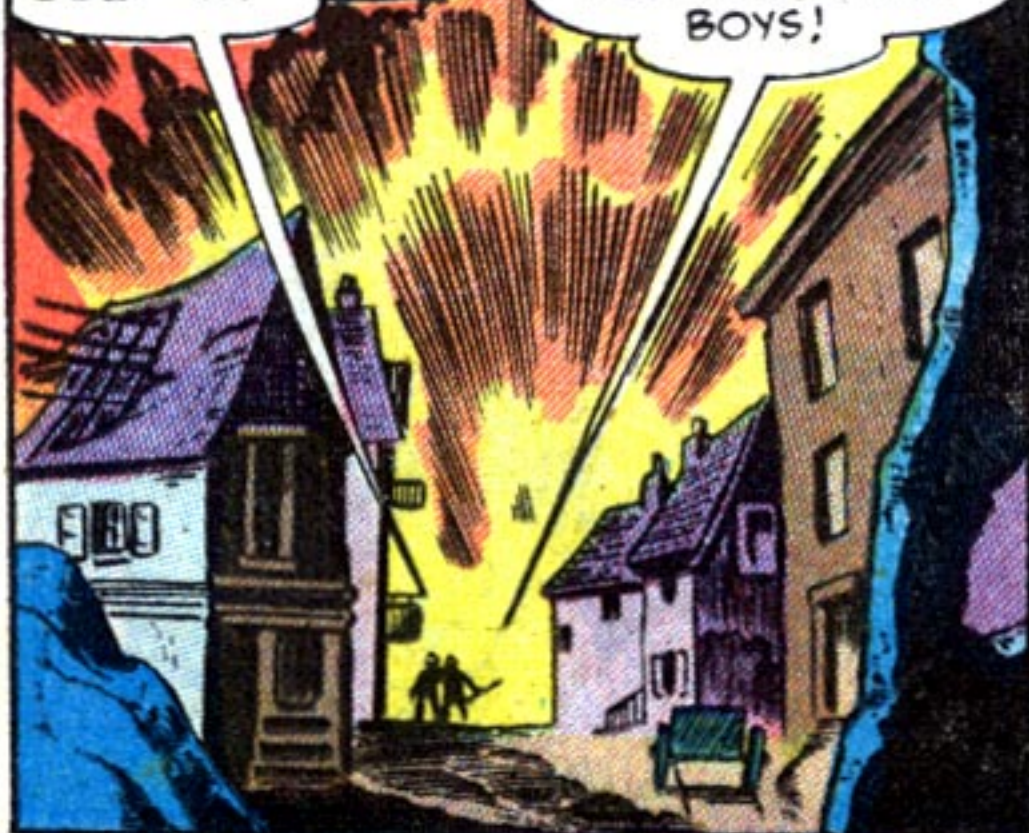
T-THE WHOLE TOWN'S BEING BLASTED APART! THE REDS'LL BE BLOWN OUT OF THEIR MACHINE GUN NESTS AND HIDE-OUTS! BUT WHO ORDERED THE SHELLING?

IT WAS THE ONLY WAY TO STOP THE REDS! C'MON! WE'RE GETTIN' OUTA HERE!



Y-YOU ORDERED THE GUNS TO SHELL THALHEIM? BUT YOU COULD CATCH IT, TOO! YOU ZEROED YOURSELF IN!

SO WHAT? I HAD TO THINK OF THE COMPANY, TOO, DIDN'T I? LEAN ON ME! WE AIN'T STOPPIN' TILL WE JOIN THE BOYS!



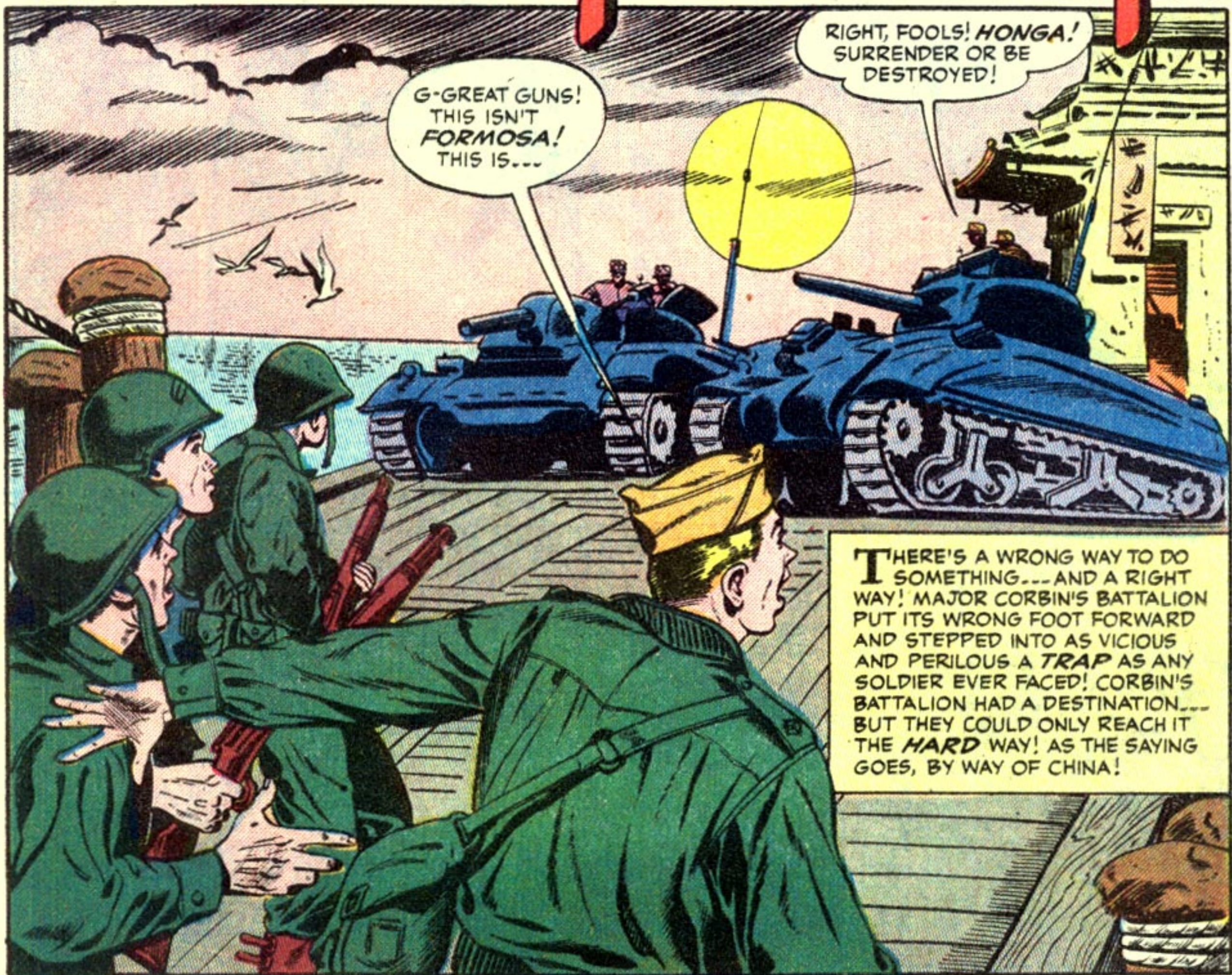
A HALF HOUR LATER, AS COMPANY D REOCCUPIED THALHEIM WITHOUT FIRING A SHOT...

I DON'T SEE THAT SELFISH KNUDSEN AROUND! I GUESS HE'S PROBABLY HIDIN' IN A HOLE SOMEWHERE, SAVIN' HIS OWN SKIN!

YOU'RE WRONG, PAL! KNUDSEN JUST FOUND OUT THAT IN THE ARMY...WE ALL WORK TOGETHER!



Treachery at Hongq



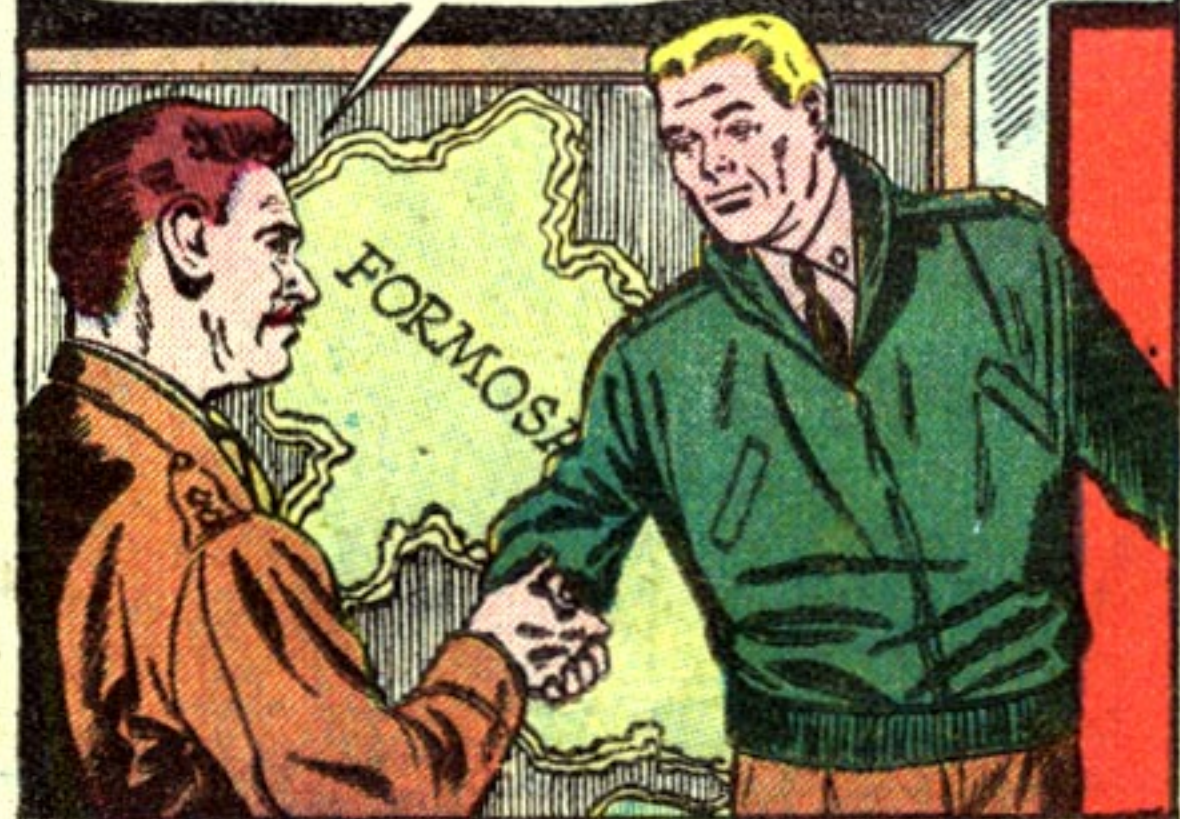
ONE SUMMER AFTERNOON, ON ONE OF THE PESCADORES ISLANDS USED BY THE WEST AS PART OF ITS DEFENSE PERIMETER AROUND FORMOSA...

HERE ARE YOUR SHIPPING ORDERS, MAJOR CORBIN! THERE'LL BE A FREIGHTER HERE TOMORROW NIGHT TO PICK YOU UP!

HMM! DESTINATION... FORMOSA! THE BOYS WERE HOPING FOR SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

I KNOW, CORBIN! A WELL-DESERVED REST IN THE STATES! THEY'LL GET IT LATER! RIGHT NOW THEY'RE NEEDED TO BOLSTER THE DEFENSE OF FORMOSA AGAINST A POSSIBLE RED CHINESE INVASION! GOOD LUCK, CORBIN!

THANK YOU, SIR!



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE BATTALION'S BARRACKS...

A STEAMER WILL PICK US UP BY TOMORROW NIGHT! BE ON THE ALERT FROM 12 O'CLOCK NOON!

YES, MAJOR! WE'LL BE READY, SIR!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, ON THE DOCKS...

BEG TO REPORT, SIR! OUR TRANSPORT IS COMING INTO THE HARBOR NOW!

SO EARLY? WE WERE TOLD IT WOULD BE THIS EVENING!



I KNOW, SIR! BUT THE VESSEL RADIOED IT WAS COMING IN *AHEAD* OF SCHEDULE!

NO MATTER! WE'RE READY TO BOARD IT! SERGEANT, ALERT THE BATTALION!



SHORTLY AFTER, ABOARD THE STEAMER...

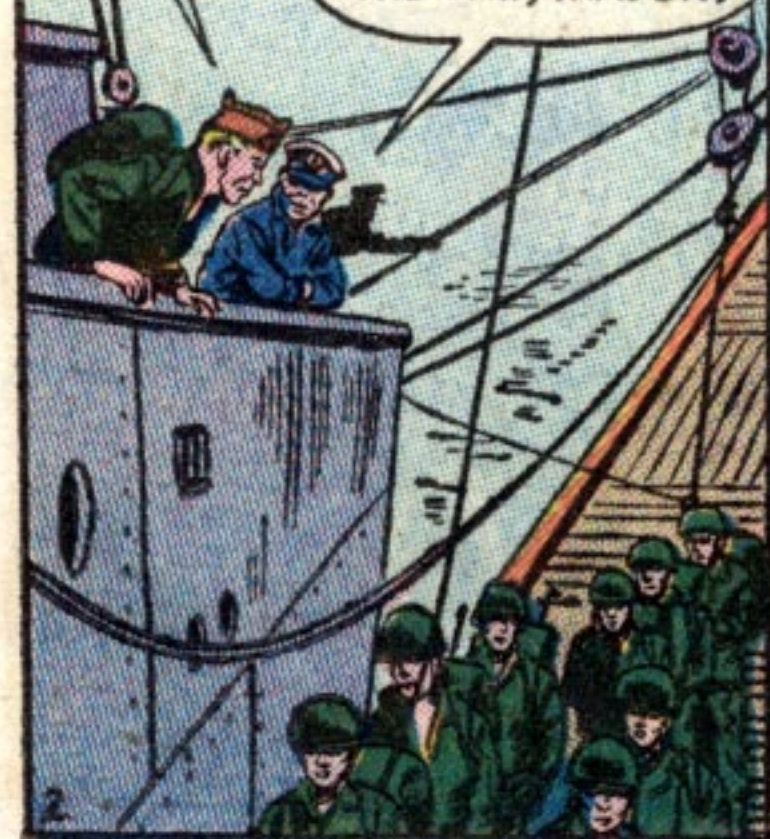
WELCOME TO THE *LING HO*, MAJOR! WE'LL DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO TAKE YOU SAFELY AND COMFORTABLY TO FORMOSA!

THANKS, CAPTAIN!



HOW LONG A VOYAGE IS IT?

DEPENDS ON THE WEATHER AND OUR SPEED! WE'RE IN NO RUSH... SO RELAX AND ENJOY THE TRIP, MAJOR!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AS THE *LING HO* UPPED ANCHOR...

LING HO? WAS THAT THE NAME OF THE STEAMER DUE IN TONIGHT?

I DON'T KNOW! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE! CORBIN'S BATTALION IS ON ITS WAY TO STRENGTHEN FORMOSA! THAT'S WHAT COUNTS!



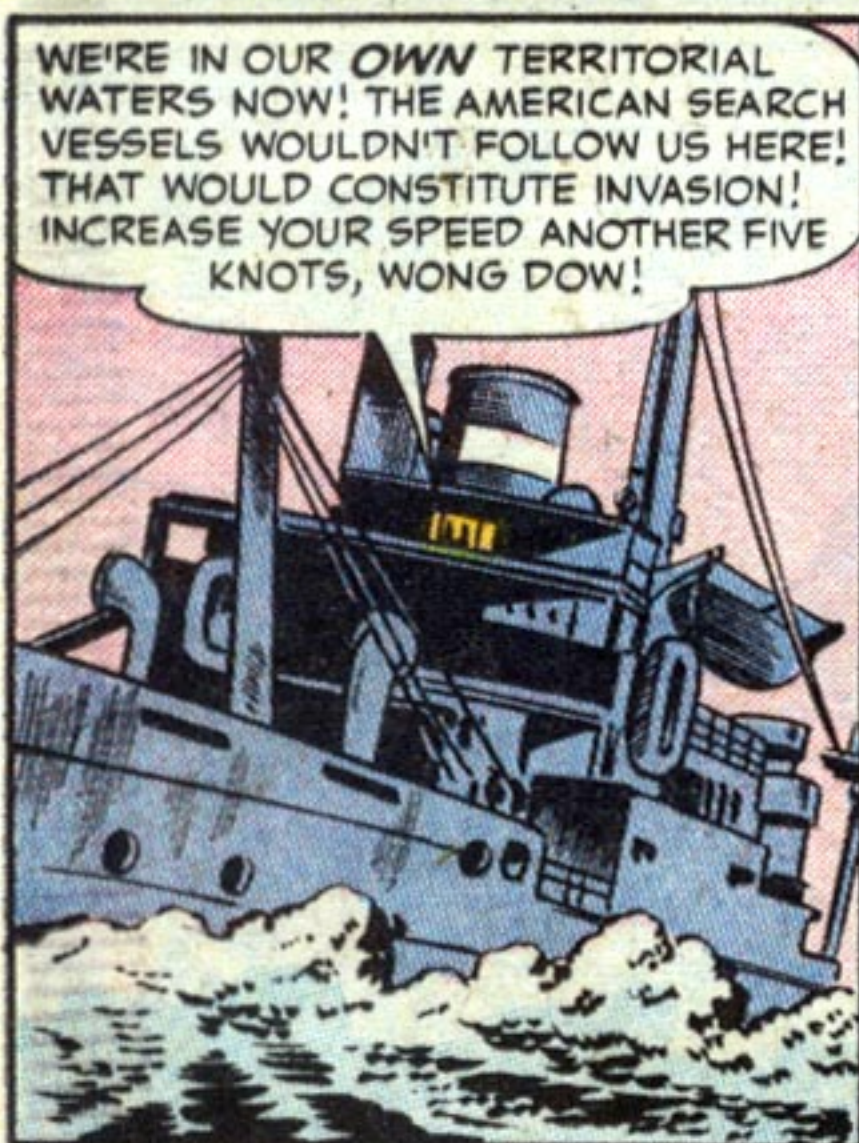
HOURS LATER, ON DECK...

SOMETHIN'S FUNNY! FORMOSA LIES *WEST* OF US AN' WE'RE TRAVELLIN' *EAST*! I CAN TELL BY THE SUN!

WHO DIED AN' MADE YOU A NAVIGATOR? THEM GUYS ON THE BRIDGE KNOW WHERE THEY'RE GOIN'!



YANKS IN BATTLE



YANKS IN BATTLE



WELL, THERE IT IS! FORMOSA!

BUT WHY'S IT SO DARK?

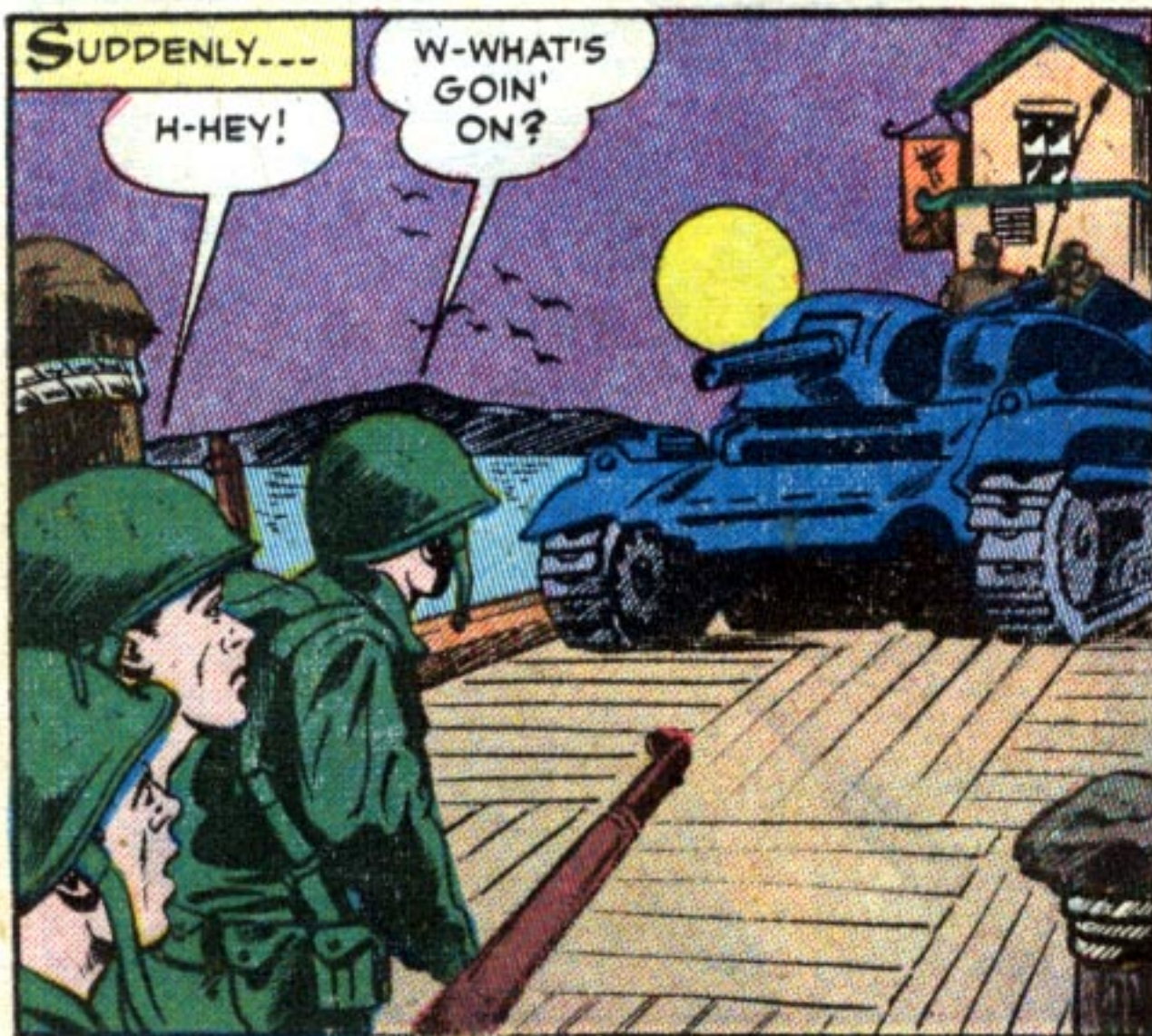


FORM RANKS! KEEP TOGETHER!



I-I DON'T GET IT, MAJOR! NO WELCOMIN' OFFICER! NO LIGHTS! NO NOTHIN'!

MAYBE WE WEREN'T EXPECTED IN AT THIS HOUR! MAYBE THEY FIGURED WE'D LIE AT ANCHOR TILL MORNIN'! LET'S MARCH INTO TOWN!



H-HEY!

W-WHAT'S GOIN' ON?



RIGHT, FOOLS! THIS IS NOT FORMOSA! THIS IS HONGA, CHINA! SURRENDER, OR BE DESTROYED!



M-MAJOR! WE'VE BEEN HIJACKED!



THE AMERICANS RUN! OPEN FIRE!

YANKS IN BATTLE



T-HEY'RE HEADING FOR THE DOCK! STOP THEM!



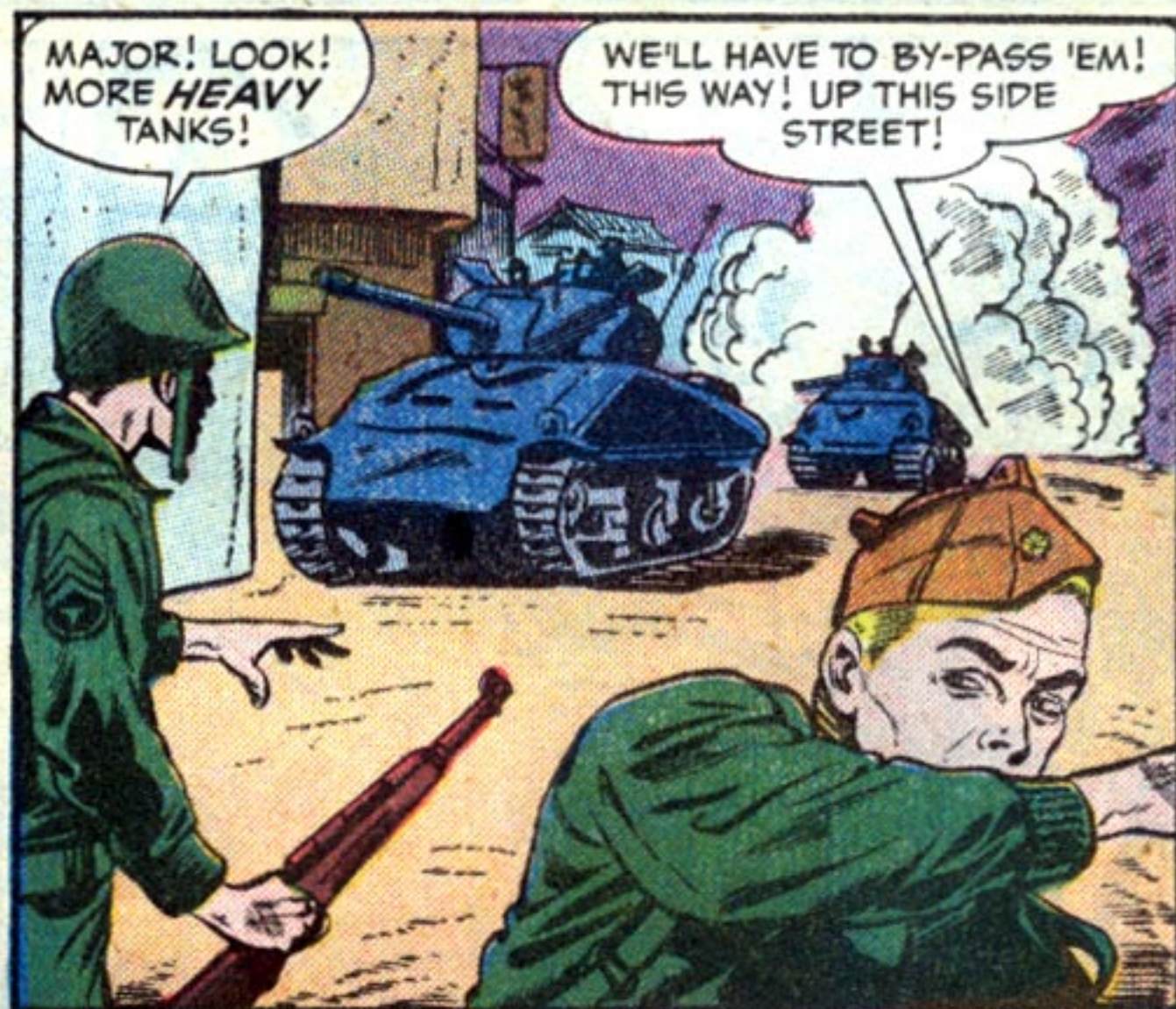
THAT'S IT! DRIVE 'EM BACK INTO THE HOUSES AND OFF THE ROOFS! GRENADE THE WINDOWS AND DOORWAYS!



BEFORE THESE FELLOWS START CONGRATULATING THEMSELVES, SHOW 'EM THEY CAUGHT A *TIGER* BY THE TAIL!



THAT'S THE STUFF! KNOCK OUT THEIR TANKS!



MAJOR! LOOK! MORE *HEAVY* TANKS!

WE'LL HAVE TO BY-PASS 'EM! THIS WAY! UP THIS SIDE STREET!



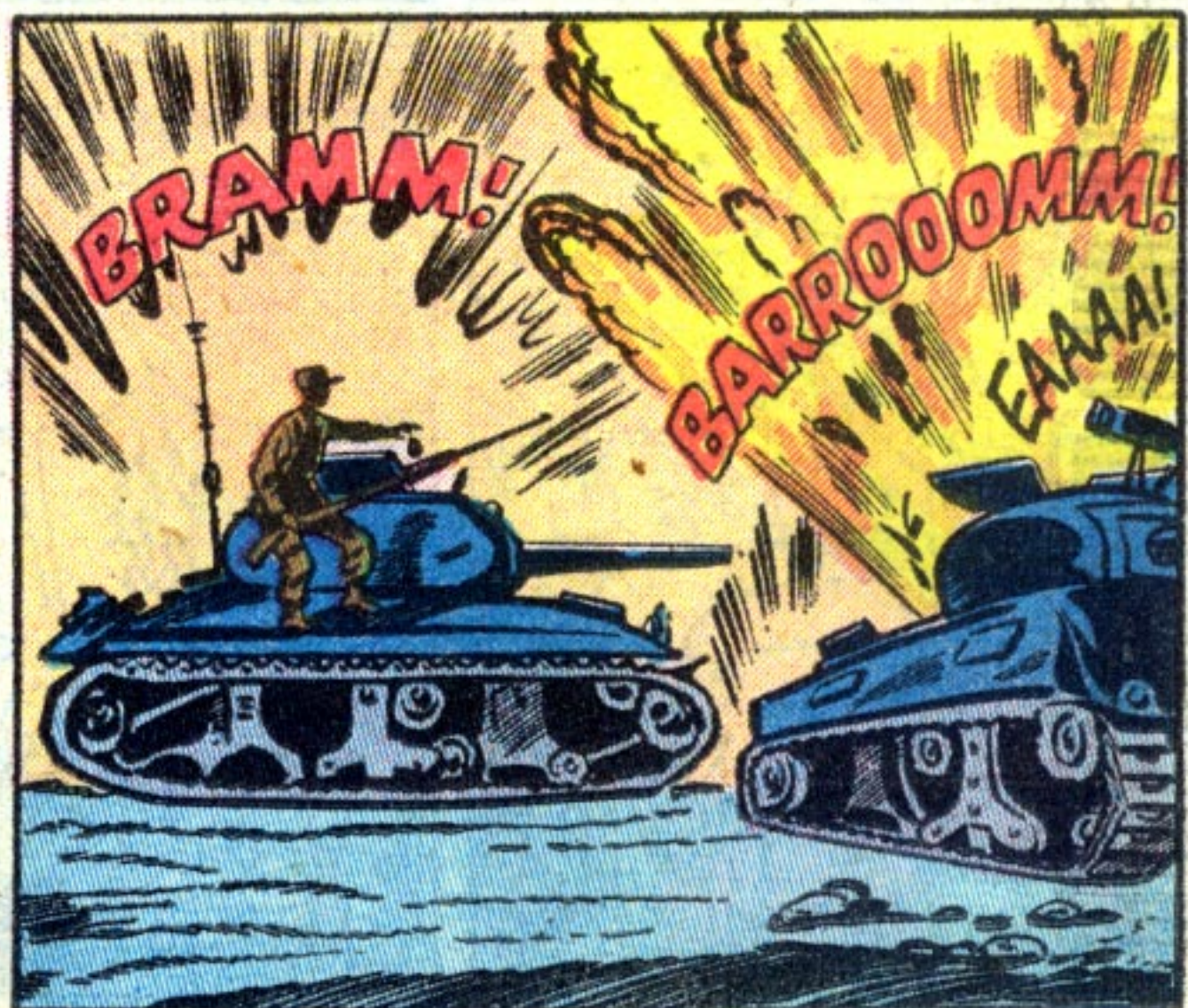
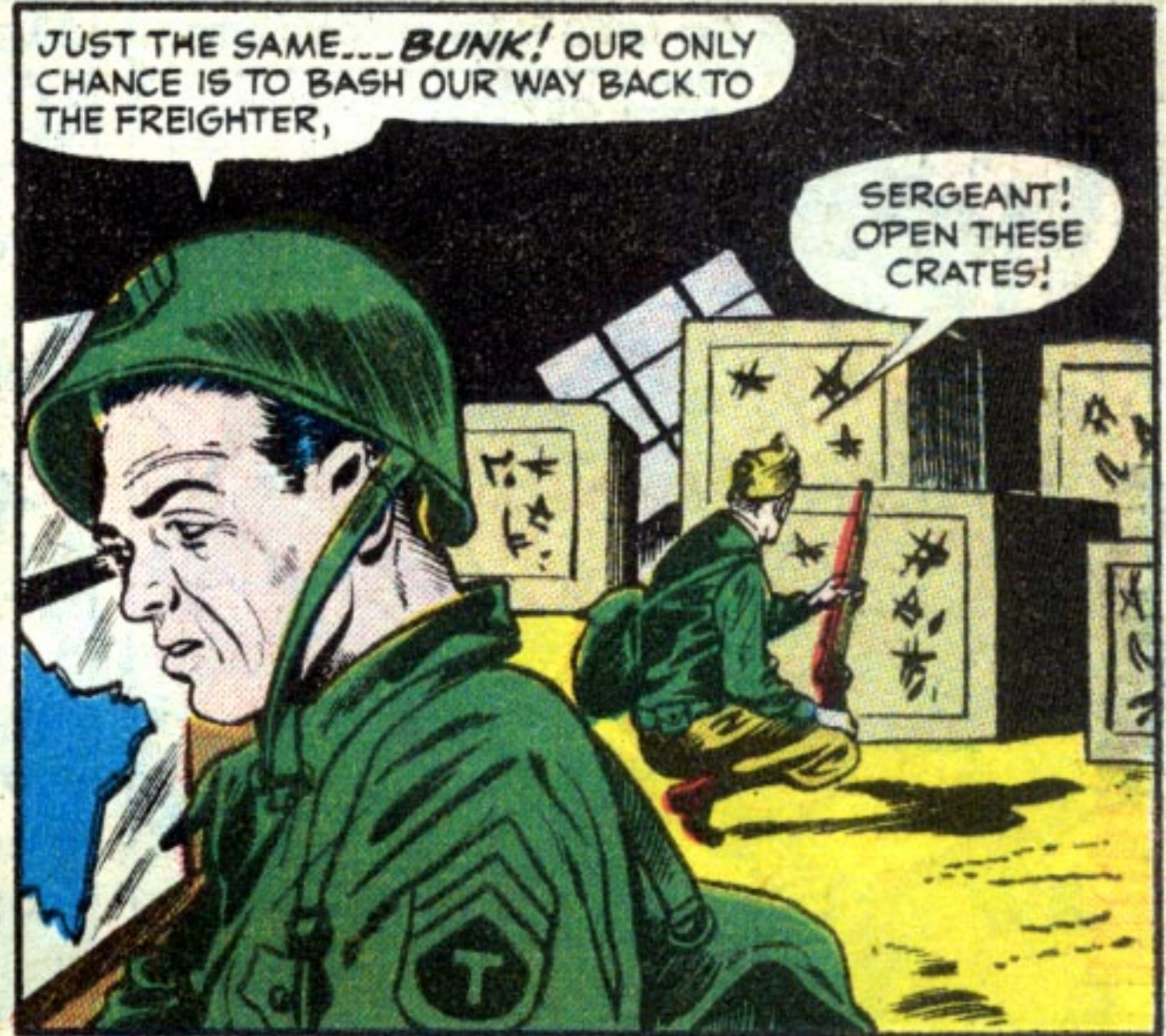
I-IT'S NO GOOD! THEY CAN STILL CUT US OFF FROM THE DOCKS!

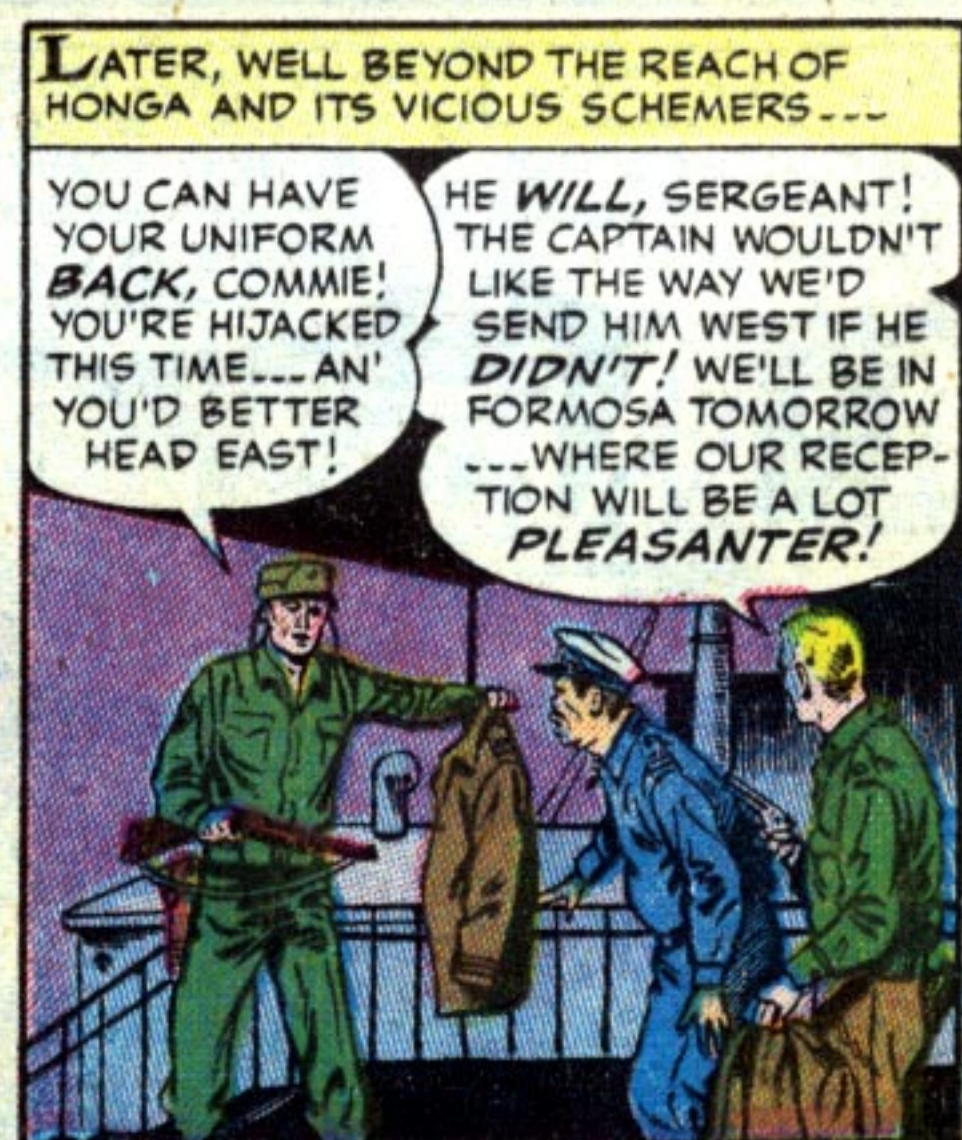
BUT THEY'LL BLAST THE HECK OUT OF US IF WE STAY ON THE STREETS! INTO THAT WAREHOUSE!

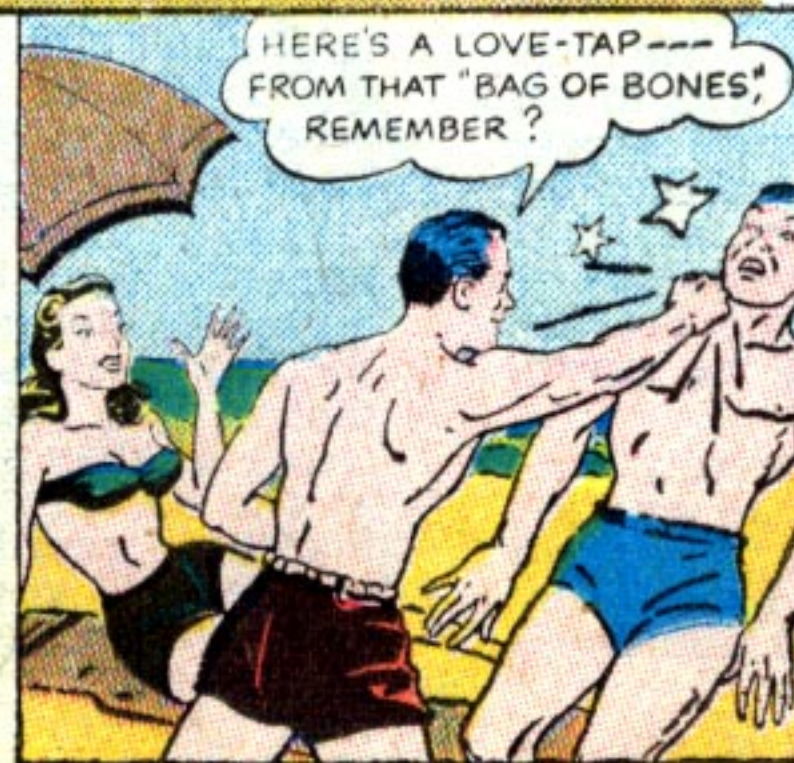
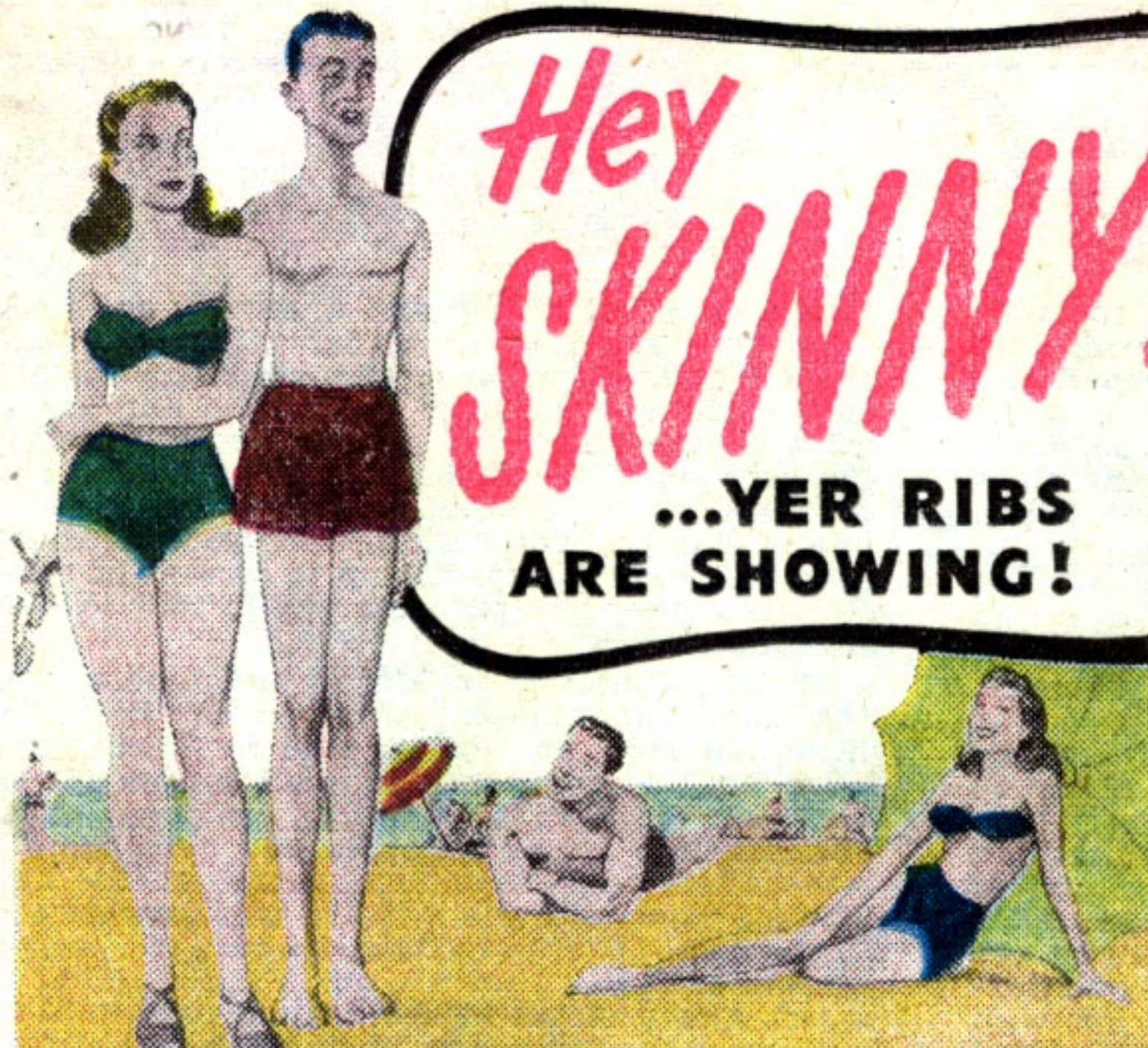


WHAT GOOD'LL THIS DO, MAJOR? THEY'LL BESEIGE THE WAREHOUSE! THEY'LL REDUCE IT TO RUBBLE... AN' US WITH IT!

IT'LL GIVE US A BREATH! WE NEED A MOMENT TO THINK!







I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title,
"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed
Man."

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body-building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE My 32-Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But FREE

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 32 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 33012, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

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Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name..... Age.....
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City..... State.....

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

ESCAPE *at* DAWN

"HIT the silk, Linc," shouted the pilot, and Linc Johnson jumped. He made the interminable drop before pulling the cord, and the camouflaged chute sprang open with a sharp crack as the wind gushed into it. Linc looked up to see the plane making a run for the border, a few scant miles back. He heard the ack ack guns go off and hoped that the game pilot had made it to safety.

A cold chill ran over him as he glided down through the night, aiming for the red earth of the satellite nation below. The events of the past weeks went through his mind in fast sequence. Linc Johnson was a newspaperman and so was Martin Rhodes. And they were pals. At least they had been, until Martie was slapped into prison as an espionage agent, in this Commie country. The same, stupid charges were hurled at him that had been tossed at other thinking men in a country of mental stagnation. However, Martie had made friends in the satellite underground before he was imprisoned and somehow, somehow, they had contrived to get him out. Now it was Linc's job, with the help of the underground, to get the emaciated Martie back over the border to safety. He was too weak to travel alone. The country was in an uproar since Martie's escape, and citizens suspected of underground activities were being picked up by the hundreds. Then Linc made contact and volunteered to get in, get Martie, and get out of the country in record time. If he was successful, a few lives other than Martie's could be saved, if not—

Linc made a smooth landing and hurriedly buried the chute before he located the road and set off at a fast clip into the nearby town. There, in the chapel of the darkened church, he was met by the gnarled, little man who silently led him down into the rooms below.

Linc was shocked at his first sight of Martie. He was lying on a cot in a fitful sleep. "He's aged twenty years," gasped Linc, as he stared at him. "He's been through the tortures of the damned," replied the old man. "But here is Natja, she will give you the plan. I must get back above." The door had opened to admit a darkly clad woman, her head hidden in a shawl. Linc's eyes popped when she tossed the shawl aside. She was a gorgeous blonde and she looked furious. "Mr. Johnson," she snapped, "Your plane was heard and already the secret police are scouring the area. We've got to move even faster than we had planned." "Listen, baby," exploded Linc, "all planes have motors. Did you think I was winging in on the back of a vulture?" Her eyes snapped as she replied, "Your pilot should have glided in to drop you and then started his motors about two miles beyond the town. Then it would have taken them time to discover that someone had been dropped here." She went over to Martie and shook him gently. "Martin," she said tenderly, "you must waken. Your friend is here and the time is short." Martie opened his eyes and looked up at the lovely Natja before he spotted Linc. "Hi, Linc," he said weakly, "you sure stick your neck out for a pal." "You'll have time to talk of friendship, if you live to reach the border," cut in Natja, grimly. "Now, here is the plan."

She outlined a daring dash to the border by car. A mile from the small border crossing the two men, disguised as farmers, would be transferred

to a wagon full of hay and drawn by one horse. "You must get over the border without speaking, since neither of you know enough of the language to fool the guards. They are shrewd and are always on the watch for trouble. Not one of them has ever joined the underground. She handed each of them a small, worn booklet, bearing several official stamps. "These will provide your identification. The state stamps are up to date as of today. Pray that they will pave the way to your safe deliverance."

Thirty minutes later, Martie and Linc were in the small car, bumping along in the dark. The little, old man was driving and he didn't say a word until they reached a small farmhouse, set back off the road. There, the two men quickly changed into farmer's clothes and were about to leave when a loud banging sounded on the door. The old man took the message and hurried back to the men. "Your parachute has been discovered," he said to Linc. "They are preparing an order for a new stamp on all identification papers, it will come over the radio soon." "Where does that leave us?" asked Linc. The old man shook his head sadly. "You must reach the border before the radio orders go out. We could never get this latest stamp. It is too late to hope for more."

Linc handled the reins on the wagon and Martie, hunched down beside him, seemed to be swallowed up by his clothes. "Hold on a while longer, Martie, we'll make it yet," Linc said, with a heartiness he didn't feel. Martie didn't answer. The sun was rising as they rounded the bend, the sentry house at the border came into sight and the two stiffly marching guards tramped back and forth in front of the pole gate that lay between the newsmen and freedom. Linc could feel the blood pounding in his temples. Had the radio warned the guards that new stamps must be on all identification? "If so, can Martie make it over the border, if I have to put up a fight?" mused Linc. He looked at Martie, he was asleep. No, he was unconscious. Passed out! Linc's mouth went dry.

The old horse clumped to a stop. One guard was in the sentry house, evidently eating breakfast. The second guard approached Linc, grimly. Just then the sound of the radio spouting early morning static, came out of the shack. The guard leaned out and pointed back to the radio, he shouted to his comrade. Linc heard the announcement. It told of the foreign criminal who had entered the country secretly. The snarling voice continued, "It is believed that this man is aiding in the escape of the infamous espionage agent, Martin Rhodes," continued the voice. The guard's hand went out, his eyes first on Linc's face, then on Martie's. He asked, "Asleep?" Linc nodded a numb affirmative. He came alive to wrest the papers from Martie's pocket and along with his own, handed them to the guard. Behind him, the radio repeated its warning. The guard looked at the booklets carefully, turning them over several times. Then he raised his eyes searchingly to Linc's. Linc couldn't breathe. He watched, in a trance, as the guard slowly walked over and raised the bar across the road. He motioned them forward. Linc flicked the reins, the wagon lumbered ahead. He turned when they reached the sign that meant freedom. The guard raised his hand in salute.

Unseen Enemy

HURRY UP, YOU GUYS!
THE ENEMY'S ATTACKIN'!
I CAN'T HOLD 'EM OFF
ALL ALONE!

POOR BARNEY...
HE'S REALLY FLIPPED
HIS LID!

YEAH... KEEPS
SEEN' COMMIE
TROOPS! AS I SAID,
HE'S COMBAT HAPPY...
A DELAYED CASE
FROM THE KOREAN
WAR!

NO ONE ON
EARTH SUS-
PECTED THAT
THERE WERE RED
SOLDIERS ON
SAISHU ISLAND!
MARINE BARNEY
GIVENS KNEW
BETTER... HE'D TAKEN
POT SHOTS AT THEM!
BUT HOW CAN ONE
SOLDIER HOLD OFF
ATTACKING ENEMY
TROOPS... ES-
PECIALLY WHEN
HIS BUDDIES
DON'T BELIEVE
THAT THEY
EXIST!



THE TIME IS 1951! WAVE AFTER WAVE OF MARINE
ASSAULT BARGES STORM SAISHU ISLAND JUST OFF
THE COAST OF SOUTH KOREA!

WHEEEEEEE!
BARROOOM!



AMONG THE ATTACKING TROOPS WERE
MARINES WILSON, MANSKI AND THEIR BUDDY
BARNEY!

CHINESE
COMMIES... A HORDE
OF 'EM! LET'S CUT 'EM
DOWN, WILSON... MANSKI!

THAT'S WHAT WE'RE
HERE FOR, BARNEY!
SQUEEZE THAT
TRIGGER!



YANKS IN BATTLE



HA, HA, HA... I'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR THIS DAY EVER SINCE YOU ROTTEN CHARACTERS STUCK YOUR NOSES INTO THIS WAR!

BARNEY SURE HATES THE REDS...

I'LL SAY...

POW!
POW!



THREE DAYS LATER...

LOOKIT 'EM RUN... WE DROVE 'EM CLEAR OUT TO SEA!

YEAH... THE NAVY WILL TAKE CARE OF THOSE COMMIES NOW! THEY SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO TANGLE WITH AN OUTFIT LIKE OURS!

And MORE THAN THREE YEARS LATER THESE VERY SAME MARINES ONCE AGAIN LAND ON SAISHU ISLAND... BUT FOR A REASON OTHER THAN COMBAT!

FUNNY, ISN'T IT... WE TOOK SAISHU FROM THE COMMIES IN '51! NOW, HEADQUARTERS HAS SENT THE THREE OF US BACK HERE TO SCOUT OUT A LOCATION FOR A WEATHER STATION!

HEY, LOOK, GUYS... ONE OF OUR BARGES THE REDS BLASTED! GOSH... THIS KINDA GIVES ME THE... CREEPS!



YEAH... I CAN REMEMBER WHEN THOSE PALM TREES WERE NOTHIN' BUT SPLINTERS! THE NAVY LEVELED THEM WITH THEIR HEAVY STUFF BEFORE WE HIT THE BEACH!

WELL... ENOUGH FOR MEMORIES! LET'S SET UP CAMP SOMEWHERE... IT WILL BE DARK SOON!



AS DUSK SETS IN... AT DAWN TOMORROW WE'LL GO INTO THE HILLS AND SPLIT UP! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE HIGHEST POINT ON THE ISLAND FOR THAT WEATHER STATION!

T-THE FIRE... IT'S GETTING LOW! I'LL GO AND SCOUT UP SOME WOOD!



WANT ME TO GIVE YOU A HAND, BARNEY?

NAW, MANSKI! YOU AND WILSON FIGURE OUT THE DETAILS FOR TOMORROW! I'LL BRING THIS FIRE WITH ME SO'S I WON'T GET LOST!



A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE CAMP BARNEY GOES ABOUT HIS BUSINESS WHEN...

THIS HUNK OF LUMBER SHOULD BURN ALL NIGHT... H-HUH?





Y-YIPES!

REDS... FIVE OF 'EM!
I MUST BE SEEIN'
THINGS... NO... THEY'RE
THERE... AND ME
UNARMED! WHAT'LL
I DO?



WONDER WHY THEY DON'T SHOOT...
WHATA THEY WAITIN' FOR? IF I
COULD ONLY GET TO MY RIFLE
BACK AT CAMP... WARN WILSON
AND MANSKI! I-I
GOTTA TRY...



REDS! WILSON... MANSKI!
WE GOT COMPANY... A
PACK OF COMMIES!



RUSHING BACK TO THE ENCAMP-
MENT, BARNEY BLURTS OUT THE
STARTLING NEWS TO HIS DUMB-
FOUNDED BUDDIES!

WHAT? YOU MUST
BE CRAZY,
BARNEY! THERE ARE
NO COMMIE SOLDIERS
ON THIS ISLAND...
IT'S BELOW THE
38TH PARALLEL!

CRAZY, MY
EYE! I COULDA
REACHED
OUT AND
BIFFED ONE
OF 'EM!
NOW STOP
JABBERIN'
AND GRAB YOUR
RIFLES!



RETURNING TO THE AREA, BARNEY
APPEARS SHOCKED AS...

G-GONE... BUT THEY WERE HERE
JUST A MINUTE AGO! C'MON
OUT, YOU CHARACTERS!
WE'LL TAKE YA AGAIN LIKE
WE DID BACK IN
51!

BARNEY...
TAKE IT EASY!
THERE'S
NOTHIN'
OUT THERE!



OF COURSE NOT! YOU
PROBABLY SAW A
REFLECTION OF THE FIRE
OFF THE LEAVES AND...
IMAGINED THINGS!

NUTS! I SAW REDS...
FIVE OF 'EM! SO...
YOU BOYS DON'T
BELIEVE ME!



OKAY... OKAY... BUT FROM HERE ON IN
I'M KEEPIN' MY EYES OPEN AND MY
FINGER ON THE TRIGGER!
SOMEBODY'S GOTTA PROTECT YOU
GUYS FROM BEIN' SHOT!

RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT, MANSKI AND WILSON LOOK ON IN DISBELIEF AT THEIR BUDDY!

LOOK AT HIM, WILSON... THE GUY'S ACTUALLY GUARDING THE CAMP! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE BARNEY'S JUST GOT THE JITTERS! I GUESS HE'LL GET OVER IT IN THE MORNING!



BUT BARNEY IS FAR FROM FORGETTING THE EPISODE THE NEXT MORNING!

I'M WARNIN' YOU TWO FOR THE LAST TIME... GET INTO YOUR COMBAT OUTFITS AND ARM TO THE TEETH! THE REDS WILL PROBABLY HIT US FOR SURE TODAY!

WE'LL RISK IT AS WE ARE, EH, MANSKI?

YEAH... YOU KNOW, I HEARD SOMETHIN' ABOUT AN ARMISTICE WITH THE REDS!



AW RIGHT, GO AHEAD AND LAUGH! IT'S JUST POSSIBLE WE DIDN'T WIPE OUT EVERY RED ON THIS ISLAND BACK IN '51! AND IF WE DIDN'T... HOW WOULD THEY KNOW ABOUT AN ARMISTICE?

WHAT DID THEY LIVE ON... COCONUTS ALL THIS TIME?

HA, HA!



AS THE TRIO SPLIT UP TO SCOUT THE AREA FOR A POSSIBLE LOCATION FOR A FUTURE WEATHER STATION!

WE'LL MEET BACK HERE AT EXACTLY 1100 HOURS, MEN! KEEP ALERT FOR FLAT LEVEL LAND AT THE HIGHEST POINT YOU CAN FIND!

THAT'S THE SECOND THING I'LL BE WATCHIN' FOR... THE FIRST ONE'S REDS!



SLOWLY... CAUTIOUSLY, BARNEY MAKES HIS WAY ALONG A MOUNTAIN PATH!

I-I HOPE I GET FIRST CRACK AT 'EM... THE OTHER GUYS WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE UNARMED! IF ONLY I COULD FIND ME ONE RED TO PROVE TO WILSON AND MANSKI I'M NOT CRAZY...



OH, OH... PEBBLES FROM ABOVE! NOW IF THERE WAS A WAR ON... AND I WAS IN COMBAT...



...I'D SHOOT FIRST AND ASK QUESTIONS LATER... WHA! REDS... THREE OF 'EM!



YANKS IN BATTLE



I WINGED ONE... THE OTHERS ARE STARTING TO RETREAT!

POW!
POW!
POW!
BLAM!



A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, WILSON AND MANSKI SPIN ABOUT ABRUPTLY!

GUNFIRE... IT MUST BE BARNEY!

LET'S GET TO HIM... HE'S PROBABLY SHOOTING AT HIS OWN SHADOW!



BARNEY! WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT?

HAW! YOU GUYS DIDN'T BELIEVE ME, HUH? WELL, COME ON UP HERE... I GOT ME A DYED-IN-THE-WOOL RED TO PROVE I'M NOT NUTS!

W-WHAT?



SCRAMBLING UP THE MOUNTAINSIDE, THE PAIR JOIN BARNEY!

WELL... WHERE IS THIS ENEMY?

I WINGED HIM... I KNOW I DID! HE MUSTA CRAWLED A FEW YARDS AWAY! HELP ME LOOK FOR HIM... DON'T JUST STAND THERE! IF HE'S STILL ALIVE HE MIGHT TAKE A POP SHOT AT US!



THIS STORY TAKES THE CAKE! EITHER BARNEY'S PLAYIN' A JOKE ON US OR THE GUY'S FLIPPED HIS LID!

YEAH!

A CAP!

PROBABLY THE REDS! COME ON OVER AND TAKE A LOOK, WISE GUYS! THIS SHOULD CONVINCE YA!



HE'S RIGHT... IT IS A RED SOLDIER'S CAP, WILSON!

OF COURSE IT IS, YOU DODO! NOW DOUBLE TIME IT BACK TO CAMP AND GET SOME COMBAT GEAR ON... IF THE REDS HAVEN'T ALREADY LIFTED IT!



THIS COULD HAVE BEEN LAYING HERE FOR YEARS IT IS SO DIRTY, MANSKI! BARNEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN SEEING THINGS AGAIN AND MISTAKEN AN ANIMAL FOR A RED!

HM-M... HE COULD HAVE AT THAT!

WHAT!! THIS SETTLES IT! IF YOU WON'T BELIEVE ME I'M GOING BACK TO CAMP AND MAKE A REPORT TO HEADQUARTERS ON THE PORTABLE RADIO!

WHAT'S A GUY GOTTA DO TO PROVE THERE ARE REDS 'ROUND--- INTRODUCE YA TO 'EM?

GEE.. HE'S REALLY FLIPPED HIS LID, HUH, WILSON?

I FIGURED OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH BARNEY, MANSKI! HE'S COMBAT HAPPY---A DELAYED CASE!

YA SEE, THIS ISLAND BRINGS BACK GRIM MEMORIES TO BARNEY! WHEN HE RETURNED HERE IT WAS LIKE LIVIN' THE ASSAULT ALL OVER AGAIN! HE SEES REDS ALL RIGHT, IN HIS MIND--- WHA!

H-HUH?

ZIIING!

G-GET DOWN, YOU CHARACTERS... IT'S THE REDS! I'LL TRY TO STOP 'EM WITH A GRENADE...

YIPES!

B-BARNEY! FOR GOSH SAKE CUT 'EM DOWN! THEY'RE... GONNA USE US FOR BAYONET PRACTICE!

G-GOTTA SHOOT STRAIGHT... THERE WON'T BE ANY TIME FOR ANOTHER CRACK AT 'EM!

WHEW... THAT WAS CLOSE!

A GRIM OBSERVATION IS MADE WHEN THE MARINE TRIO INVESTIGATE!

WOW! BARNEY WAS SURE RIGHT ABOUT THERE BEING COMMIE SOLDIERS ON THE ISLAND! I'LL NEVER DOUBT HIS WORD AGAIN!

ME NEITHER! I WONDER WHAT THEY WERE DOING HERE?

PROBABLY ON A MISSION LIKE OURS, ONLY FOR RED CHINA! WELL, IT'S OVER NOW... AND WE GOT BARNEY TO THANK FOR STILL BEIN' ALIVE!

I'LL SAY! AND WAIT TILL WE MAKE THE REPORT TO HEAD-QUARTERS! BARNEY WILL GET A RIBBON OR SOMETHING! THE REDS KNEW THEY WERE VIOLATING THE TRUCE BY BEING ON THIS ISLAND! BARNEY, YOU'RE A HERO!

AW... CUT IT OUT, YOU GUYS!

IDENTIFY EVEN THE STRANGEST STAMPS—at a glance!

Now, no stamp need puzzle you—no matter how strange it looks. Look at the Oriental script on the enlarged stamp

at left. How could you possibly tell what country it comes from. But with the stamp identifier at your side—

you merely match the stamps with one illustrated and you instantly know that it comes from Jordan.

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JORDAN

RUSSIA

SERBIA

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2 STAMP FINDER

identifies stamps around the world — no matter how strange their script letters.

3 ENCYCLOPEDIA OF STAMP-ISSUING COUNTRIES

Tells area, location, population, parent country, etc.

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OPENS UP TO HANDSOME WALL MAP FOR YOUR ROOM OR DEN — 3 SQUARE FEET!

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Huge triangular stamp from tiniest republic in the world.

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—shows strange Zebu beast and native herder.

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—postwar stamp shows that country striving for peace.

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Anti-Communist stamp has face value of \$10,000.00 in Nationalist money.

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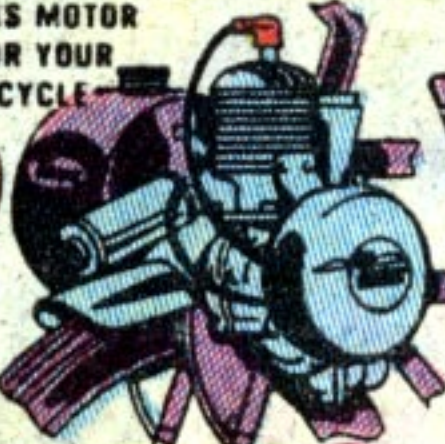
SPORTS EQUIPMENT



TABLE TENNIS SET



GAS MOTOR FOR YOUR BICYCLE



SCOUTING EQUIPMENT



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